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FANNY KEMBLE

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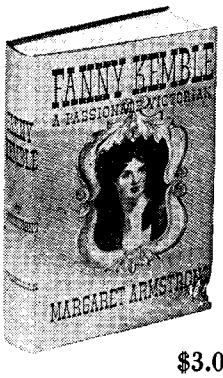

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The Art of Articles

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

IN a chaste format which becomes its subject matter, the "1938 Essay Annual"* has just appeared under the baton of Erich A. Walter, of the department of English, University of Michigan. Sixth in a series, this Annual offers twenty-eight assorted articles from such strange bedfellows as *The Harvard Alumni Bulletin* and *Coronet*, as well as from *The Atlantic Monthly, The New Republic, Fortune, The Saturday Review of Literature*, and, inevitably, *Harper's*. There is a nice range of other lofty sources, most of them marked on the pleasant speckled cover, and with one source listed there that does not appear inside.

N. Y. Public Library

"The public is interested not only in articles but in serious articles . . ." (Periodical room, New York Public Library.)

It is just as well to begin by saying that the "1938 Essay Annual" is not an essay annual at all. What Mr. Walter has done, actually, has been to assemble articles. And an article is something else again. It differs from an essay as a sermon from a conversation. An article marches, an essay walks. Articles are written in the daytime, essays at night. Articles are done to present facts or sell convictions, essays to distill the substance of reflection.

Now, the gait of our time calls for something swifter, more purposive and direct than the essay. Most of our writers have willingly accommodated themselves to this gait. There are a hundred sweating reporters and feature writers today for every aspiring David Grayson. It may be, of course, that another gifted and quietly immortal Frank Moore Colby is at work in some citadel of privacy, but the chances are heavily against it. Certainly the aimless observation and idle but enlightening comment generally associated with the essay do not emerge in the "1938 Essay Annual." Selections from Alan Devoe's "Phudd Hill" must be excepted, as must the trifles from *The New Yorker's* inimitable Talk of the Town emporium. However you look at it, whether from the icy heights of criticism or as a plain man reading in bed, *The New Yorker's* palaver is closer to the homemade, unpremeditated prose of the essay than anything else appearing regularly in the native press.

After these exceptions are made, however, Mr. Walter's book remains a melange of articles, not a collection of essays. Precisely what measurements have been used in making selections for the Annual is not at first clear either from the editor's summary introduction or from a prayerful scrutiny of the contents. All of the articles appeared between March 1, 1937, and March 1, 1938, but they seem to have little else in common. Classified tidily under such captions as Society and Politics, Science, Education, The Outdoors, Laughter, and the like, they are what a Gideon's band of earnest scholars might call significant, but they seem offhand to be the kind of stuff that leaves the average reader fish-eyed.

A book for the intellectual carriage trade, you are inclined to say, and let it go at that. Nine of the pieces deal with the current worries of society and appear to be aimed at small groups of serious thinkers, those who fret actively about what we're coming to. Harold J. Laski offers, in a roundabout fashion and in a manner conservatives would not understand, "A Formula for Conservatives." Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan outlines "The Shaping of a Labor Policy." Walter Kaempffert discusses democracy as the ideal stamping ground for invention and as the genial host to science. Elmer Davis fences with the subject of America and the next war. And so on.

Yet the odd part of it is that, in spite of the somewhat heavy jowls of the book, the type of serious article it presents is the type which, in a slightly different form, the public demands today. We are in a bull market for information and comment. The masses hanker for enlightenment. The rise of *Ken*, with a promise to satisfy our lust for the inside dope and what Paul Gallico used to call the yangle, is one of the many late epiphenomena to prove it. Likewise there is hope in many other sources the intellectuals disdain. The picture magazines, with their peep-hole view of current affairs, are themselves a token of the eagerness of the public to learn. They are the primers of non-fiction, and their ultimate effect may be to increase rather than diminish the spread of serious reading interests.

In a word, this is the golden age of non-fiction, the heyday of the magazine article, and while the "1938 Essay Annual" may seem forbidding, it contains the type of material that has a progressively stronger grip on American attention. The fact is that reading interests have changed so unexpectedly and so profoundly during the past twenty years that no one can any longer say with certainty

Next Week

BRASS TACKS
By A. G. KELLER
Reviewed by John Chamberlain

SIT DOWN WITH JOHN L. LEWIS
By C. L. SULZBERGER
Reviewed by Paul H. Douglas

* 1938 *ESSAY ANNUAL. A Yearly Collection of Significant Essays, Personal, Critical, Controversial, and Humorous. Edited by Erich A. Walter. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co.* 1938. $2.

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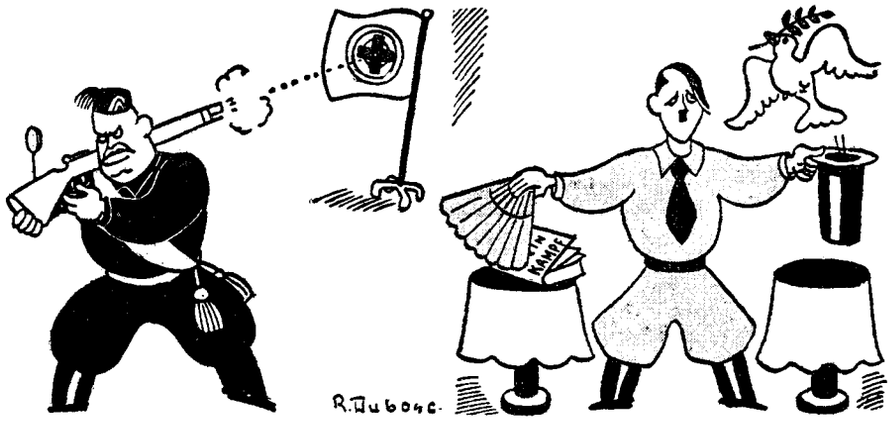

"Totalitarianism is a text book phrase at best to most of us. Hitler is the cartoon that makes it real . . ." (A French view of the dictators, from *L'Humanité*.)

what is likely and what is not likely to interest the public. Books selling at steep prices and dealing with subjects (economics, sociology, mathematics, history) which a short time ago were regarded as the exclusive property of starched scholars and technicians have today become ordinary commodities on the counter. Commercial book publishers have geared themselves to meet and play with a new habit among those who read. The speed of the new interest's development has been so rapid that we as yet have no word for it: non-fiction is a ridiculous term. And who could have foreseen the increasing use of articles as drawing cards in magazines formerly pledged to fiction, and the chief stock in trade of others that carry no fiction at all?

The reasons for this shift of interest from the whey of polite fiction to something more substantial are not far to seek. Following the World War, a badgered and disabused people turned to facts and their interpreters. Discussion groups arose, trying to find what made the mare of social life go and what had happened to give her glanders. Talk became more and more directed to ends of inquiry.

And then came Mencken. It was Mencken who, as the Barnum of ideas, gave the public its first hint that articles could be as exciting as a circus. At the same time he demonstrated to commercial publishers that well turned non-fiction in magazine form might be merchandise. *The American Mercury* advertised itself as "the only magazine that appeals exclusively to the civilized minority" and it found within a short time that an unpredictable number of people wanted to be considered in that class if it meant reading controversial articles.

Other magazines changed their policy (and format) to compete with the *Mercury*. Still, however, the idea persisted that there must be some special formula of radicalism or conservatism. It remained for *The Reader's Digest* to democratize non-fiction, to show unmistakably how wide and unexplored the market was for serious reading matter not aimed at any single caste. It discovered and proved that, in the last analysis, people would rather be informed than entertained.

With the spread of the popularity of articles, the magazine piece acquired an art form. It became a new type of literary performance. The chatty, interview type of piece gave way to an article that stood on its own right and interest. Good samples got into currency and achieved a sort of reputation for themselves and their authors. Certain articles began to be known and discussed and taken as standards, just as certain short stories had been known before. Elmer Davis's "Portrait of a Cleric" comes to mind, as does R. L. Duffus's study of Dwight L. Moody and, later, Gerald W. Johnson's "For Ignoble Pacificism." J. B. S. Haldane's "If You Were Alive in 2125 A.D." got itself read aloud in classes and provided the meat of endless bull sessions. Here was a scientist who had come out to talk with us, and how the man could write! There were others, professional and lay. Even those who smile now at the editorials of Glenn Frank read them sedulously and talked about them in the last days of the *Century*.

America had discovered ideas. *Plain Talk* came and went like an explosion, but it helped America learn to talk. The excitement of the intellectual life had begun to lay hold upon us and we were like a Freshman with his first copy of *The New Republic*. It became smart to be opinionated. *Vanity Fair* in its last great days lent to articles a measure of sophistication which even the quality group could not give, and magazines which had not carried articles at all or had carried them in highly fictionalized form began to see that they had an inherent appeal.

The extent to which the magazine field has changed can best be seen by *The American Magazine*. Most of the intelligentsia still think the *American* runs success stories and operates on the formula in vogue when they last picked up a copy back in 1923. Yet a good number of the articles that appear in the *American* today are on subjects usually thought of in terms of the discussion periodicals, and their point of view is not essentially different. If you are disposed to doubt this, read in recent issues "We Jews" by George Sokolsky, "I Am a Negro," by Paul Williams, Beverly Smith's realistic study of the plight of the Southern sharecropper, or the same author's summary of the drive for socialized medicine in the July number.

It seems reasonable to conclude, then, that the public is interested not only in articles but in serious articles—and the more serious the better. We have the dictators to thank in part for this. They have personalized problems that would otherwise have remained nebulous and remote. It is hard to hate a system or to think actively about nations, peoples, and broad policies. Only as these abstractions become incarnate in common men, preferably corporals and ridiculous fellows, do they enter our conscious mind. Totalitarianism is a textbook phrase at best to most of us. Hitler is the cartoon that makes it real. Moreover, it is the fact of Mr. Roosevelt as a person that sustains reader interest in American politics.

But whatever there is to explain it, the fact of our interest in serious matters is abundantly clear. The problem articles in the "1938 Essay Annual" are likely to make a strong appeal. It is to be regretted, however, that these articles are not more cogent, that they are handled in a manner that befits the debating society and the classroom better than the subway and the market place. The great unwashed have a right to have the best that is known on current perplexities presented in a manner they can appreciate and understand. Magazines and books can render their best service today by translating abstractions into common sense.

There still exists among scholars and pedants a grave suspicion of the unmistakably clear, a distrust of the colloquial. It is tacitly agreed that if a man can write he can't think, and that a pleasing style is a token of superficiality. Yet more and more writers are learning to handle difficult subjects in an effortless and showmanlike way. It is these writers who have made an art of articles, a business of being clear. They are the ones who have in a large measure built up the present non-fiction market and the expectations the public has of it. For the broad demand today is not merely for serious articles but for serious articles well and vividly done.

Charles W. Ferguson is Associate Editor of The Reader's Digest.

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Earthbound Eagle

FANNY KEMBLE: A PASSIONATE VICTORIAN. By Margaret Armstrong. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN MASON BROWN

TO those who care for the theater it may be disheartening, but it is not surprising, to find that Fanny Kemble should of recent years have attracted more biographers than any of the other members of the famous Kemble clan. Her uncle, John Philip, upon whose acting was the chill of marble, has been overlooked in her favor. Her father Charles, an expert performer, especially in comedy, and a brave manager, has, as it were (in a phrase not unknown to the Kembles) gone down to posterity on the hem of her garment. Even Mrs. Siddons, her glorious aunt, "The Tragic Muse," Melpomene incarnate, the finest tragic actress known to the history of the English-speaking stage, saluted by Hazlitt as "a being of a superior order . . . something above nature," has won less biographical attention in the last decade than has her little niece, with the flaming black eyes.

In 1931 it was Dorothie Bobbé who was retelling Fanny's life story*—her schooldays in Paris; her early triumphs as Juliet by which she recouped the family fortunes at Covent Garden; her five successful years on the stage in England and America from 1829 to 1834; her unhappy marriage to Philadelphia's Pierce Butler; her disquieting experience with slavery on her husband's South Georgia plantation; her return to the stage in 1847; her divorce; her subsequent vogue as a Shakespearean reader; her life with her family and her first contacts with her little grandson, Owen Wister; the sensation, comparable to that created by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," caused both here and in England by the publication of her "Georgia Journal"; the writing of her plays and poems and memoirs; her countless celebrated friends from Scott, Washington Irving, Tennyson, and Thackeray down to Henry James; and the contentment of her final years in England from 1877 until her death there in 1893.

In 1933 Leota S. Driver, Ph.D., published, with all the placenta of scholarship, another treatment† of the same turbulent materials of Fanny's life. Now it is Margaret Armstrong who has once again turned to the last of the great Kembles to write, in a more fictionalized style than either of her two immediate predecessors employed, what is unquestionably fated to be the most popular of the three testaments. Miss Armstrong's is a readable book, competent rather than brilliant, revealingly subtitled "A Passionate Victorian." At times it is a little too lush and fluttery for comfort. But it is brought to life by all of Fanny's dynamic qualities, her quick sympathies, her sudden impulses, her vigor of mind and body. It is rewarding, too, as a detailed picture of many eventful years, if for no other reason than that Fanny was one of the most colorful public personalities of her time.

She was born with more silver spoons in her mouth than she had hands to use. Her mind was alert. She had unquestioned genius for the stage. She was an instinctive writer as her diaries and letters show. She had a rare talent for friendship, and was a stimulating conversationalist. But chief among her many gifts was her genius for participating in the life of her

Fanny Kemble: "The truth is, she despised the stage."

day, for making public issues her private concern, for responding with seismographic swiftness to causes and to people. She was more than an actress. The French blood of the De Camps warred in her veins with the cold blood of the Kembles, causing constant inconsistencies and contradictions. She was a vital reflector of the worlds in which she moved, so sensitive and impetuous, so clear-eyed and perceptive, that the interests and the troubles of her interesting and troubled life lend a definite and fascinating sociological significance to Miss Armstrong's book.

But Fanny was also a Kemble. What all of us would have been grateful for if her parentage had been different, becomes to some of us incomprehensible, even unforgivable, in her case. The unforgivable thing about her being a Kemble was that through her entire life she was an amateur. Although she had a thorough understanding of technique, as she demonstrated in her essay on acting, she never trained her own genius. She had no discipline. She lived away from the theater rather than in it. The truth is, she despised the stage. She had only contempt for its make-believe and its mummery. She was an eagle who refused to fly. She was a princess born to a royal house and royal responsibilities, who declined to occupy the great throne which was hers. She was the Duke of Windsor of the proud house of Kemble. Her tragedy was that she abdicated at long first to marry a man she found she could not love. The world gained by this, but that other world in which she belonged lost, and lost immeasurably.

John Mason Brown, dramatic critic of The New York Post, *is the author of "Upstage," "Letters from Greenroom Ghosts," and other books on the theater.*

* *FANNY KEMBLE. By Dorothie Bobbé. New York: Minton, Balch & Company.* 1931.

† *FANNY KEMBLE. By Leota S. Driver. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press.* 1933.

Mr. Chamberlain's Current Dilemma

BRITAIN AND THE DICTATORS. By R. W. Seton-Watson. New York: Cambridge University Press (the Macmillan Company). 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

When Britain really ruled the waves—
(In good Queen Bess's time)
The House of Peers made no pretense
To intellectual eminence
Or scholarship sublime . . .

IT requires no special familiarity with Gilbertian literature to realize that these lines refer to Queen Elizabeth of the sixteenth rather than of the twentieth century. Far from ruling the waves today, Britain is hastily devising war-time schemes for hiding its population away in city parks and country villages. Critics of Viscount Halifax and the Cliveden Set might well quote this verse and insist that certain noble lords return to doing "nothing in particular" for the remainder of the present diplomatic crisis. Whether Britain will again rule the waves has become a matter for conjecture on every continent, for rarely has the prestige of Queen Bess's land sunk so low.

In considering both the objectives and methods of British foreign policy at this crucial moment, it is essential to view contemporary events in full historical perspective. Professor Seton-Watson, distinguished authority on Central Europe and author of "Britain in Europe, 1789-1914," has produced a remarkably effective vehicle for this purpose. He brings his narrative down through the Eden resignation and the Austrian crisis, attempting to interpret the whole post-war struggle for power in terms of traditional British diplomacy. While his volume is a curious blend of historiography and partisanship, it presents Mr. Chamberlain's dilemma in vigorous, provocative terms.

In submitting his blueprints for the reconstruction of British authority, Dr. Seton-Watson combines several different and—at first glance—antagonistic points

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of view: Viscount Cecil's idealism and reliance upon the League of Nations; Eden's distrust of Italian and German intentions; Lord Lothian's insistence upon colonial concessions to Hitler; Churchill's belief in a strong stand against threats and "blackmail"; and Chamberlain's dislike of Soviet Russia. Starting from the premise that the safety of the Empire for more than a century has lain in "peace and security," Dr. Seton-Watson denounces isolation and argues that Britain cannot escape the risks of an active policy throughout the world. *Pax Britannica* depends upon the formation of a powerful "peace front," built up from the Anglo-French alliance to include the Soviet Union, the United States, and the smaller democracies. A rapprochement with Germany becomes the crux of European peace, for either Hitler must come to terms through conciliation or face overwhelming resistance. Dr. Seton-Watson follows the Eden policy of demanding a general rather than a piecemeal settlement. The Nazi government must accept the principle of international order, admit the necessity for an Anglo-French alliance, and agree in return for colonies to guarantee the rights of natives and prohibit militarization.

Despite the confusion and uncertainty of Dr. Seton-Watson's recommendations, symptomatic of British diplomacy in recent years, there is much to praise in his forthright analysis of the general problem. The Versailles treaty has been made the scapegoat for every European difficulty for so many years that his sober appraisal is particularly welcome. He rightly insists that President Wilson's principles were realized at Versailles to a far greater extent than has been recently acknowledged. The author is at his best when dissecting the philosophy and practice of fascism, for he is obviously replying directly to the pro-German and pro-Italian groups in British society. He demolishes the assumptions underlying the Anglo-Italian pact by saying that "It is high time for us to realize what Mussolini has realized long ago, that Britain is the main obstacle to every section of his total design, and that it is useless to hug illusions as to his friendship or to trust his word."

The value of this comprehensive and stimulating survey of post-war Europe is diminished by frequent superficiality and bias. Loyalty to his liberal principles prevents the author from recognizing any merit in the three major dictatorships, especially in the Soviet Union. His treatment of the Spanish civil war, based on few sources and omitting the excellent work of American journalists, is deplorably inadequate and unfair. Skeptical American readers will certainly resent his adherence to the customary practice of British publicists in constantly identifying the prosperity and safety of Queen Bess's empire with both Christianity and civilization.

James F. Green is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

Sten Nordenski Old

The "Ring Dance" on the Faroe Islands is the same as in Viking times. (From "It's All Adventure")

Return to Civilization

IT'S ALL ADVENTURE. By Peter Freuchen. Illustrated. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

"IT is always the unexpected that makes me breathe easy," writes Peter Freuchen, watching the crops ripen on his island farm of Enehoje. Civilization was unexpected after the eighteen years of dangerous living he has described in "Arctic Adventure," and he breathes pretty easily throughout his later book, perhaps too easily for those who have been led by its title and his previous writing to anticipate a thorough tale of adventure. This large and sprawling narrative of his experiences day by day, from his arrival in Denmark in 1924, contains sufficient hazards which, condensed, would make an absorbing book, but it is not to them alone that the catch title here refers; it is, primarily, to his workaday adventures and his difficult orientation in an alien environment. The combination is both too long and too loose to be successful.

Peter Freuchen's return to civilization, his marriage to a white woman after the death of his Eskimo wife, and, particularly, the loss of his frozen leg, left open to him only gentler means of livelihood than those to which the Arctic had accustomed him. He lectured and wrote books, he miserably counseled expeditions which no longer could include him, he raised grain and sheep upon his lonely island, and worked as well as he could for the improvement of that part of Greenland which he had helped secure for Denmark. When he was not fighting to open West Greenland to the taxpayers who were forbidden in it, he was crusading on the behalf of writers against rental libraries.

It was on the whole a quiet life for Peter Freuchen, though intermittently he had an adventure. He was discomfited by bandits and nudists in Germany; in Russia he fell into a cellar full of skinned cats; he was forced to lecture by anarchists, and run into jail because he had apparently allowed a dancing bear to escape. The filming of one of his books took him to Hollywood and Alaska, but it was only on his return to Greenland that he felt quite at ease. There he could eat his putrid whale skin, or stinking duck; "the oil poured down my whiskers and I felt supremely happy."

It is saddening to read of this fine pioneer going as guest on other men's expeditions, to explore the ice cap or to search for Amundsen, and often being refused because of his wooden leg. You see him looking at the ruins of Viking houses in Brattahild, at the tiny rooms that could never have held the hundreds of giant warriors the sagas boast, and reflecting that Peter Freuchen was diminished too. He is a man who does not recognize his greatest qualities, of tolerance and nobility and courage. Though the book is crowded with incidents that can have significance for its author alone, they each in some measure point the character of a rare individual. He is naive and wise at once, and always nostalgic for the harder living of his early days. You see a great lost savage here, a good and confounded man.

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The Cossacks' Last Stand

THE MOUNTAINS AND THE STARS. By Valentin Tikhonov. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

THE descriptions of warfare which make up a large part of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" are given point and coherence by the philosophical approach which they express and illustrate. "The Mountains and the Stars" is superficially very similar to its great predecessor: it describes warfare, in Russia, on a large scale, and concerns itself alike with the life of the commanding officers and that of the men in the ranks. But Tikhonov is a reporter, and Tolstoy was something more.

The scene is Outer Mongolia and Siberia in 1921, when the Russian army under Baron Ungern-Sternberg is making the last stand of the White cause. The story is almost entirely one of forced marches and pitched battles, with discipline enforced among the Cossack hordes by the extreme cruelty and injustice of their commander. Though there is no one character or group of characters that remains constantly in the center of vision, Mishka and Petka, two young brothers who have joined up to keep from starving, most frequently occupy it. They become familiar with slaughter, rape, torture—all the horrors of war, in fact; but they also learn the joy and exhilaration of battle. Tikhonov, a young officer who is the author's namesake, comes out as the most admirable character, the only one who can boast of a genuine humanity, and in the end, when the defeated army has revolted against Ungern, he is elected commander in his place. But the Red cause has already triumphed and war is succeeded by peace.

There is no characterization in this novel that is likely to be remembered; the dialogue and the incidents sometimes appear trivial or altogether meaningless; the description depends too largely on outspoken accounts of brutality for its effects. The mere enumeration of torn limbs and ravished women, rendered without skill, is less effective than a tale of pin-pricks in the hands of a skillful author.

What It Takes

LUCKYPENNY. By Bruce Marshall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MAXWELL

THE author of "Father Malachy's Miracle" has turned from Bass Rock and the tribulations of the Scotch clergy, sincere and insincere, to the world at large. His new hero, Luckypenny, is an Englishman, of cheerful disposition and modest means, who lost a leg while fighting in France to make the world safe for democracy. At the close of the War Luckypenny thought that peace was indeed wonderful, "although perhaps not quite so wonderful as he had imagined it was going to be." Ten years after the war, he remembered it pleasantly enough, the horrors being forgotten. Fifteen years after the war he had reason, or so it seemed, for desiring another one. Ignored by his family, exploited by the men he worked for, he wanted above everything to be somebody once more, to do something that was worth doing.

Bruce Marshall

By purest accident, one morning while he is on the way to his train, he is given a chance. He discovers the formula for success. All that it takes, Luckypenny learns, is a certain amount of courage, a degree of self-confidence. Then it is perfectly possible, easy perhaps, for anyone to put himself in a position where he can step on other people's toes; where he can, for a time anyway, have his cake and eat it too. The only trouble is that success—worldly success—is a mug's game, and in the long run nobody can win, not even the heartless and the sly; certainly not Luckypenny with his simple, ingenuous soul and his hollow leg that is so convenient for smuggling money out of countries with currency restrictions.

At the beginning of his novel, Mr. Marshall has placed a quotation from Machiavelli: "Of men, speaking generally, it may be said that they are ungrateful, fickle, deceitful, cowardly, greedy; so long as they are getting anything out of you they offer you their blood, their goods, their lives, their children, when the need seems far distant; but when it is near at hand they turn against you."

To defend so terrible a thesis, one ought to have the knowledge and the literary stature of Voltaire, and Mr. Marshall has, of course, neither of these. Nevertheless his new book is well written and at times exciting, and this reader finished it quickly, with no complaints to make.

Howard Coster

Doris Leslie

Echoes of Thunder

CONCORD IN JEOPARDY. By Doris Leslie. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES WOODWARD

CONCORD, the boy who is born in a shabby London street in 1876, and dies in the Ypres salient, a bitter, successful painter, is pre-war in feeling as well as in setting, kin to those misty characters in "If Winter Comes" to whose sorrows we responded when only one war wracked the startled world. Doris Leslie writes fluently, and has no doubt about the value of the story she is telling. The book is crowded with people, smells, places, Dickensy bits, and the sharp colors which an artist sees. Concord himself is so well drawn, so authentically an artist struggling with an artist's problems of expression, that it would be no surprise to find the book a roman à clef, and Concord a Henry Maitland to some painter Gissing. His relationship with his mother, the half-repulsion half-adoration of a sensitive boy towards the parent whose very efforts to better her child's lot have worn her down, and who has educated him beyond her companionship, is very penetrating.

The book is thoughtful, but on questions long since solved, however sadly. It is full of life, but of life as it never will be lived again. Concord's painting world is Du Maurier's; he and his Russian friend would get on famously with Little Billee. It is all eminently readable, but there is about it the faint sentimental flavor evoked by watching a revival of some play we saw in 1916—almost, like seeing the Castles dance again, or opening for the first time the pages of "Fortitude." This is not an effect deliberately created by Doris Leslie. She is not writing in the manner of another day, but seems herself to be a part of it, and one of the dozens of competent English novelists who appear to have been permanently deafened by the Ypres guns, and unaware that there are now new thunders over England.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Who Reads What?

DEFINITE information about reading habits, on a scale broad enough to be useful, is scarce and hard to come by. Numerous isolated researches have been made in the reading habits of particular communities—for instance, the Lynds had an interesting chapter on reading in their "Middletown in Transition"—but the results have not been correlated. New information along these lines is always welcome, and we note with interest two recent reports which have made use of public library facilities to throw more light on the question, Who Reads What?

"Who Uses the Public Library,"* by William Converse Haygood, presents the results of an investigation made at the New York Public Library in January, 1936. Twenty thousand adult patrons of the library coöperated by answering questions, thus providing the author with all sorts of fascinating statistics, covering the readers' occupations, their purposes in reading, their opinions of library service. Anyone professionally concerned with books or education, anyone with more than a cursory interest in these matters, will find "Who Uses the Public Library" both valuable and readable.

One of its most interesting features is a table of the 150 books most widely read during the period of the survey—each title reported by at least ten readers, and the leading title ("It Can't Happen Here") by 119. It is not surprising to find that the choice of these public library patrons was for current books; but it is a little surprising to see how overwhelmingly this was the case. Eight of the first ten titles on the list were current best sellers: exceptions, "A Tale of Two Cities," second on the list, and the perennial "Of Human Bondage," in ninth place. Of the other fiction perennials with a high rating, the majority, like "A Tale of Two Cities," were at the time current in motion picture or stage versions. The first non-fiction title not recently published appears fourteenth on the list—Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters," ten years old in 1936. Very few non-fiction (and non-drama) titles over twenty years old appear at all, but "Up from Slavery" makes 126th place and Plato's "Republic" 139th. Many fiction classics hold their own, with "Pride and Prejudice" and "Anna Karenina" near the top.

Dr. Alvin Johnson's survey of what people read, in "The Public Library—a People's University,"† is based upon the records of 1,000 patrons of the Newark Public Library over a period of six months. Regretting that these records are insufficient to exhibit significant trends—particularly to show the possible evolution of individual reading tastes, as from Kathleen Norris to Virginia Woolf, or from Dale Carnegie to Freud—Dr. Johnson classifies the readers as follows: "The largest group, two-sevenths of the whole, read mainly to kill time. About one-fifth read around their vocation, one-seventh around a possible new vocation or an avocation. One-seventh offer evidence of a serious purpose to rise to a higher cultural level; rather more than a seventh hop around from vocational to cultural, from good to bad."

Both authors use the reading surveys as a springboard to discuss the problem of book selection. "In literary quality," says Mr. Haygood, of the New York list, "the books rank remarkably high, with the most worth while of the current best sellers topping the list. This is in sharp contrast to the literature which patrons suggest for inclusion in the library . . . wherein popular tastes appear to run somewhat below the library's standards of book selection. . . . The librarian's difficulty in keeping to a course midway between what Carnovsky has termed the 'value theory' and the 'demand theory' of book selection is demonstrated by the disparity between the books apparently read by a large part of the patronage and the books which another large part would like to see added to library shelves. The latter group frankly prefers Zane Grey and Edgar Rice Burroughs. The former reads literature of substance and merit."

Dr. Johnson plumps for the "value theory." "To enable ten thousand women to read 'Gone with the Wind' when everybody is talking about it—women who would never read it three years hence when nobody is talking about it—may be some kind of public service, but it is certainly not an adult educational service of notable importance." Dr. Johnson surveys the effectiveness of the public library system in adult education, and makes various suggestions, notably for the preparation of better reading lists, more readers' advisers, and the encouragement of reading clubs and discussion groups by libraries among their patrons. To librarians who raise the question of expense, he replies that libraries buy too many ephemeral new books.

Only an experienced librarian is competent to discuss in detail Dr. Johnson's suggestions on the place of the library in adult education; but a lay observer may comment on his general thesis, which is that the importance of libraries in a democracy lies in their contributions to education and not in their entertainment value. Further, he does not believe that circulation built up around ephemeral fiction helps libraries to get appropriations. "From what I could ascertain through conversations with prominent citizens in many cities, the library is regarded chiefly as the supplier of light entertainment gratis. To my criticism of a city because it had failed to restore its library appropriations the defense was usually a variant of the argument that there was no particular reason why the city should spend money to supply new fiction gratis to persons who probably paid no taxes and ought to be happy to have access to old fiction, just as good."

It seems unfair for either Dr. Johnson or "prominent citizens" to assume that none of the "ten thousand women" who read library copies of "Gone with the Wind"—or their husbands—are taxpayers. And certainly the argument that taxpayers, who support libraries, should be able to read what they want in libraries, is consistent with the democratic idea. The reading lists of both the New York and Newark reports indicate clearly that library patrons want entertainment. Important as the educational function of libraries unquestionably is, it is not their exclusive function in the opinion of their patrons—and indeed of many librarians.

"It may be said," writes Dr. Johnson in his chapter on "The Public Library in a Democracy," "that everyone is exposed to a powerful adult educational process: the newspapers and other forms of the periodical press and latterly the radio. . . . But the methods of the press are not the same as the methods of the educator. Effective journalism does its work in black and white, but real social and political issues exhibit an infinite range of shades and colors. The habitual newspaper reader . . . comes to see everything as Fascism or Communism, individualism or collectivism, good or bad, false or true."

One might well say, so does the habitual book reader, unless he is naturally intelligent above the average. But the point is that the "demand theory" as against the "value theory" of book selection is the same kind of either-or alternative, to which the democratic answer is one of compromise: try as much as possible of both. The advocates of the "demand theory" have to draw the line somewhere, and perhaps Mr. Haygood is correct in drawing it this side of Edgar Rice Burroughs. Few practical librarians, we believe, would draw it this side of "Gone with the Wind," or—taking for granted the paramount importance of the library in adult education—would underestimate the importance of its entertainment value. One way to encourage reading is not to be snobbish about it.

* University of Chicago Press. 1938. $2.

† American Association for Adult Education. 1938. $1.

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Letters to the Editor: *"Picking Popular Fiction;" Desert Island Reading*

Writing for the Neighbors

SIR:—Upon reading William L. Chenery's splendid article "Picking Popular Fiction" in your June 18 issue I had the feeling Mr. Chenery somehow came into my small place here and in the same way found a comfortable chair and started telling me why one story clicks and another doesn't. Being myself a sort of writer, having sold once or twice to several kind editors who have been sympathetic enough to figure I had something to talk about, I have got around to realizing that all of the editors are sincere, honest, and willing to give any writer a chance to say something in a magazine if the writer is able in his writing to appeal to a sufficient number of people.

I agree with Mr. Chenery when he says in his article that Mr. O'Brien hunts up the little magazines and republishes the best stories he finds in them; but at the same time it is hardly fashionable any more to call *Story* a little magazine, because in recent months Mr. Burnett and Martha Foley have published many fine stories which are not character studies but clean, swift, and commendable tales written to represent our America as America is being expressed today.

The whole idea back of whether a writer clicks or whether he doesn't lies, I am sure, in the basic and fundamental truth that in order to be published at all a writer has got to write what his next door neighbor would like to read. I think this is true just as convincingly of the little magazines as it is of the magazines having big circulations.

Moreover, I feel that as the matter now stands the little magazines are beginning not to be little magazines and that they are giving the ones with the big circulations a run for their money, for already there is such a narrow distinction between the two types that a lot of writers are able to do both kinds of stories and are being read by both types of readers.

GEORGE H. FREITAG.

Canton, Ohio.

"The Best Short Stories"

SIR: — Edward J. O'Brien provoked some sort of retaliation when he included in his 1938 story volume not a single work from "the American magazines of large circulation." Obviously the magazines deserved a hearing, and Mr. William L. Chenery's review (*S.R.L.*, June 18) was in order.

It seems to me that the defense of the magazines is amazingly weak. Each of the "rules" by which, Mr. Chenery says, editors select stories for the masses is obviously a potential detriment to any art so restricted. Thus "reader interest," if the appeal is to millions, must be reckoned according to very low tastes. And language "readily intelligible to millions" must exclude any refinements of meaning or connotation, remaining flat and obvious. The desired "happy ending" excludes at least half of reality in that department, and emasculates the truth of much that remains. The preference for American characters, with limited tolerance for some British, German, and French, is partly a wholesome focus, but partly dangerous provincialism. The "taboo upon propaganda" is mostly a tactful way of admitting the influence of advertisers. For the magazines of large circulation are the magazines of extensive advertising. There is no taboo upon propaganda, often none too subtle, for luxurious living, buying, having things. As for the boasted "level of technical excellence" in these magazines, O'Brien's prefaces have again and again put that in its place, as a bag of shallow mechanical tricks, useful chiefly for getting and holding the attention of semi-literate readers with meager emotional and intellectual range.

GEORGE SHELTON HUBBELL.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Reading in the Virgin Islands

SIR:—May I tell you what people on a desert island really read? They read the flood of literature in four languages on Angostura Bitters, labels on cereal tins, Statement of Ownership of the *SRL;* they read that Gordon's gin is made by Tanqueray, Gordon & Co., Ltd. (which they didn't know). As for books and magazines, we read them with the utmost care—we never skip a word, or let a phrase or sentence pass until it has been thoroughly understood and digested. When we've finished with the meat, we read the ads, the copyright notice, and the printer's afterword.

We get mail about three times a month but we never get enough reading matter to keep us going until the next rowboat appears on the horizon, or a sloop comes beating around Beef Island bluff. Since being here we've really, for the first time, learned how to read, and I think many book reviewers who can pack into their columns an astounding amount of boredom should come here for a month or so —they'd learn then the splendid value of almost any printed words.

We've read "A Basket of Flowers" (have you ever read that little volume?) and "The Sandalwood Trader" with his remarkable schooner—black in one chapter, white the next—which, like the *Bounty*, on a northeasterly course, picked up land on a southwesterly bearing. I've even been forced to read my own stuff. All the *SRL's* are treasured in a kerosene case.

ROBB WHITE.

Marina Cay, Tortola,
British Virgin Islands.

Bunyan's Tankard

SIR:—In addition to the native literary associations, this Hoosier capital contains the tankard that helped produce an English masterpiece. (Writers can't think when they are thirsty?) The silver tankard and Bible that Bunyan had with him when he wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" were on display in the local public library several years ago. The tankard was lent for exhibit by its present owner, a local resident, Mr. Earl Bach. I have passed the information on to Dr. Harrison, but thought you might be interested in the good that "Trade Winds" blow.

FRIEDA NEWMAN.

Indianapolis Public Library
Indianapolis, Ind.

Thoreau Letters

SIR:—I shall be grateful for any information regarding letters from or to Henry D. Thoreau, not published and not on deposit in well-known institutions.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

25 W. 45 St.,
New York City.

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BOOKS IN THE NEWS: Mexico

BY CHARLES A. THOMSON

WITH the Mexican oil question once more rolling forth murky clouds of controversy, and the popping of revolutionary rifles discernible among the "sound effects," we are again conscious that Mexico lies on the other side of the Rio Grande. In March President Cárdenas took over the holdings of seventeen British and American companies. Washington, after an attempt at economic pressure through suspension of silver purchases, adopted a conciliatory attitude. Despite demands by the companies for return of the properties, Secretary Hull refused to challenge Mexico's right to expropriate, provided adequate compensation were made. But Chamberlain's new "realism"—in psychological compensation perhaps for what British pride has suffered from the fascist powers—found satisfaction in a hard-boiled policy toward weaker Mexico. When Cárdenas refused to knuckle under, diplomatic relations between Mexico City and London went into eclipse. Meanwhile General Cedillo's revolt for a time created a convenient domestic diversion. The rebel has now been chased into the mountains, but until some compromise settlement for the oil dispute eases Mexico's economic and political situation, Cárdenas will need his most skillful tightrope technique.

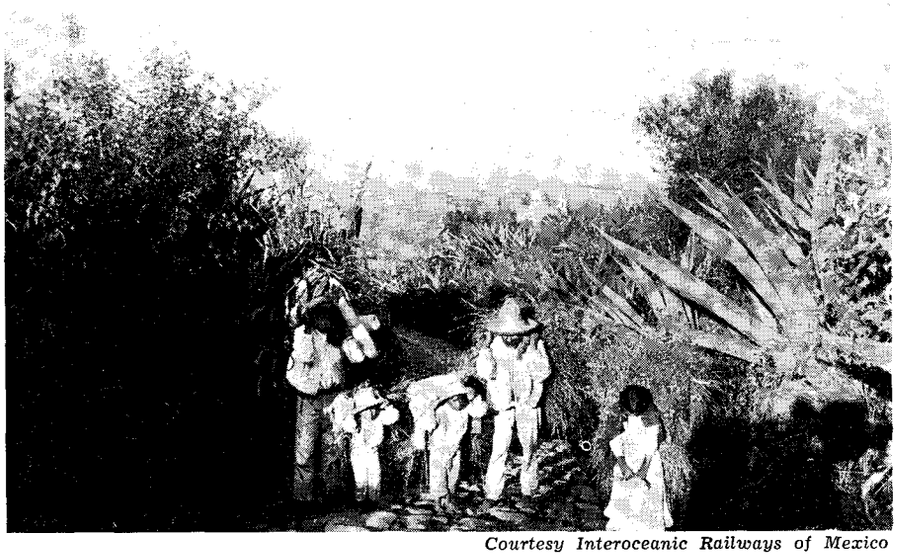
Mexico is thus again in the news. But readers who would supplement the reports in their favorite journal by recourse to recent books discover shelves which almost suggest the classic bareness of Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Although Mexico is the most dynamic country and President Cárdenas the most colorful ruler in all Latin America, the republic has merited in the last two years but a handful of works in English. Consequently this review will range farther back in time. The present dearth possibly may be viewed as a silent tribute to the relative peace and prosperity which have kept Mexico out of the headlines. The most extensive discussion yet available of what Cárdenas has been doing since 1934 is to be found in two Foreign Policy Reports, "Mexico's Social Revolution" and "Mexico's Challenge to Foreign Capital," both published in August 1937. A briefer summary, which carries the story to the end of the year, appears in one chapter of Shepardson and Scroggs, "The United States in World Affairs: 1937."

For the lack of any good book in English—or in Spanish for that matter—on Mexico's oil industry, the petroleum dispute may become all the more acrid. Those who would see through the smoke and dust are offered as yet only lenses which have been ground for propaganda. In the race to reach the American public with pamphlet material, the oil companies are for the moment ahead of the Mexican government. "Expropriation," published by two organizations of the Standard Oil group, presents a popularized brief for the corporations' position, reviewing the labor demands and the chain of events which led up to the recent break. It interprets the Cárdenas move as the culmination of a long-time plan to take control of the industry from foreign hands. Direct knowledge of Mexico's side of the case is still reserved for those who read Spanish. Federico Bach, one of Mexico's ablest economists, has collaborated with M. de la Peña in a seventy-eight page booklet, "México y Su Petróleo," which views the conflict as one phase of the struggle waged by weak countries against foreign imperialism. It provides a historical summary of petroleum development in Mexico, cites statistics from government sources on production, taxes, and profits, and discusses at length the labor dispute preceding the Cárdenas expropriation. "El Conflicto del Petróleo en México, 1937-1938," issued by the Workers University at Mexico City, publishes the text of various important documents, including the principal demands of the oil workers, the conclusions of the expert commission, the ruling of the Labor Board, the companies' appeal for an injunction, and the decision of the Supreme Court.

Certain earlier books fill in the background for the present controversy. James Morton Callahan's "American Foreign Policy in Mexican Relations" includes, in a scholarly survey of the diplomatic differences between the two countries, the petroleum dispute of a decade or more ago, closing with the compromise solution achieved by Ambassador Morrow. This survey, together with that of Frederick S. Dunn in "Diplomatic Protection of Americans in Mexico," may explain in part why the State Department hesitates to embark again on a coercive policy. Covering substantially the same period as Callahan, Dunn has separate chapters on both the oil and land disputes, in which Hughes and Morrow figured; and he caps his study with the melancholy conclusion that "the record of the operation of diplomatic protection in the relations between the United States and Mexico has been surprisingly bad" and its accomplishments meager. Skeptics concerning Mexico's ability to pay for the oil properties seized may find their doubts strengthened by Edgar Turlington's "Mexico and Her Foreign Creditors." This volume traces the history of Mexico's public debt over a century, to the point where today it totals with accrued interest almost a billion dollars—all in default.

The most significant recent book on Mexico, Eyler N. Simpson's "The Ejido—Mexico's Way Out," reveals another phase of Mexico's debt situation. In addition to other obligations, agrarian claims against the government are estimated to total $200,000,000 or $250,000,000. Simpson's monumental work, the fruit of eight years' study and residence in the country, will long stand as the definitive treatment on Mexico's land program; and let it be remarked that most Mexicans, including President Cárdenas, are far more concerned about agrarian reform than about nationalization of oil or other industry. Simpson's book is in the "must" class, for all those who really want to understand Mexico; and its discussion of the agrarian question provides a key to much of Mexican history, economics, and politics.

For a rounded picture of Mexico and its social revolution, readers must go back to two books, one of which is ten and the other five years old. The first is Ernest Gruening's brilliantly and charmingly written "Mexico and Its Heritage," still the one "best" book on Mexico for the general reader. While the petroleum



Courtesy Interoceanic Railways of Mexico

"Most Mexicans . . . are far more concerned about agrarian reform than about nationalization of oil . . ." (Mexicans carrying fodder for the burros.)

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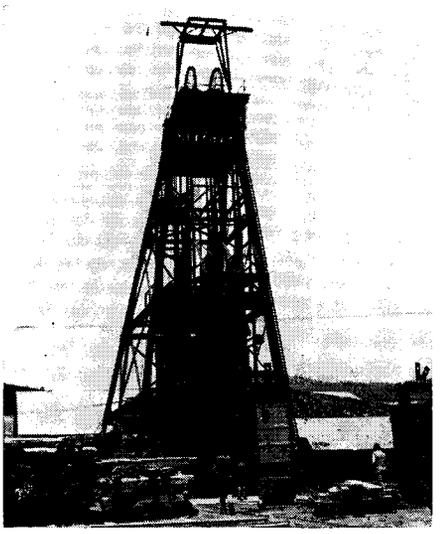

"For the lack of any good book . . . on Mexico's oil industry, the petroleum dispute may become all the more acrid . . ."

question does not receive major emphasis, chapters on labor and the army cast light on the present situation, and Gruening's study of local politics and politicians is basic to any understanding of the task a president is up against in ruling Mexico. Frank Tannenbaum's "Peace by Revolution" is a work of interpretative synthesis, to which it is best to come with some previous knowledge of our near neighbor. The chapters on "Foreign Capital and Native Workers" and "Imperialism and Legislation" may be recommended to those utterly at a loss to comprehend why Mexico is so "unreasonably hostile" to foreign capital. A more recent book, Wilfrid Hardy Callcott's biography of Santa Anna, sets forth the story of one old-style dictator in Mexico, the man who following the winning of independence "became the storm center of Mexico's history for thirty-five years." A kaleidoscopic figure, able, brave, and magnetic, but corrupt and unscrupulous, his life serves as a backdrop against which the honesty and sincerity of Mexico's present-day ruler stand out in favorable contrast. Carleton Beals in "Glass Houses" adds little to the valuable contribution of his earlier books on Mexico, save some informal pictures of Ambassador Morrow and other celebrities.

Among studies of individual phases of the Mexican Revolution, Marjorie Ruth Clark's "Organized Labor in Mexico" is a critical and realistic appraisal of first rank. George I. Sánchez, in "Mexico, a Revolution by Education," presents a careful if somewhat pedestrian account of Mexico's crusade to carry education to the people. Lectures delivered at Mexico City by leading Mexican and American authorities before the annual seminars conducted by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America are collected in two volumes, "Renascent Mexico," edited by Hubert Herring and Herbert Weinstock, and an earlier book, "The Genius of Mexico," edited by Hubert Herring and Katherine Terrill.

In "Portrait of Mexico," reproductions of Diego Rivera's most significant work are accompanied by an incisive Marxian interpretation of Mexican history, written by Bertram D. Wolfe. Two newer books put the American reader in touch with Mexico's active art currents. "Contemporary Mexican Artists," by Agustín Velázquez Chávez, catalogues twenty-five leading figures, with brief biographical sketches and examples of their most notable productions. While his list may be criticized for lamentable omissions, the book is a useful guide to much territory hitherto known only to a few. There are few also who will not be startled by the strength and vigor of Mexico's revolutionary movement in architecture, as revealed by the distinguished photographs and lucid text of Esther Born's "The New Architecture in Mexico." Finally, no picture of the tumultuous land next-door and its protean life would be complete without some knowledge of those communal celebrations—ordered despite their apparent spontaneity—which punctuate the villager's yearly round; and to which "Fiesta in Mexico," by Erna Fergusson, provides an engaging and sympathetic introduction.

Charles A. Thomson is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

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Wild and Woolly

THE DEVIL LEARNS TO VOTE. The Story of Montana. By C. P. Connolly. New York: Covici-Friede. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLORENCE W. STEPHENS

SURPASSING any fiction, this running narrative of the development of Montana brings together a wealth of authentic information, heretofore told only in disconnected fragments. There is the gold rush into Alder Gulch with ten thousand people forming Virginia City in ninety days; there are heterogeneous types consisting of the best and the worst from all over the country, but no dull ones. A Butte miner said "impulsive men always have black eyes—if nature doesn't give them, somebody else does."

It was natural that outlaws and road agents should congregate where gold was being acquired to the value of millions of dollars by the simple process of placer mining. With the violent and ambitious came also the religious. A missionary, fresh from the East, asked an Indian if it was safe to leave his belongings in the wickiup while the two made a trip. "Yes," the chief replied, "there isn't a white man within a hundred miles." The Vigilantes were recruited just before the formation of the Territory. A first attempt at legal procedure was instituted by the Alder Gulch miners. Court was held in the open and the judge used a wagon seat for a bench.

Names which were afterward to become well known throughout the country are mentioned in this early account. Tales are told of T. R., quiet spoken, who read Shakespeare to his cow-hands. Marcus Daly, F. Augustus Heinze, H. H. Rogers, James J. Hill, and other financial giants appear. Only two women are specifically mentioned. The wife of Captain J. A. Slade twice rode to save him from hanging. The first time she held up the guards by a ruse and freed him, but the second time she arrived to see his body being cut down.

"The Devil Learns to Vote" tells of a political and financial warfare so tremendous that it shook the country and reached into Canada. Only one who had shared the events could describe them as the author does. There are times when he digresses like a wordy gossip to follow an individual in collateral paths, but most of the account is chronological and connected, reaching through the Harding Administration. As Montana has so recently come out of adolescence, many of the characters in the book are still living. Residents of the state—especially the old-timers—have heard parts of these tales and have been affected by the repercussions of politics. Mr. Connolly draws one into the inner circle.

Mrs. Stephens was for some years a State Senator in Montana.

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Sheep, Goats, and the Average Man

DANA AND THE SUN. *By Candace Stone. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* 1938. $3.50.

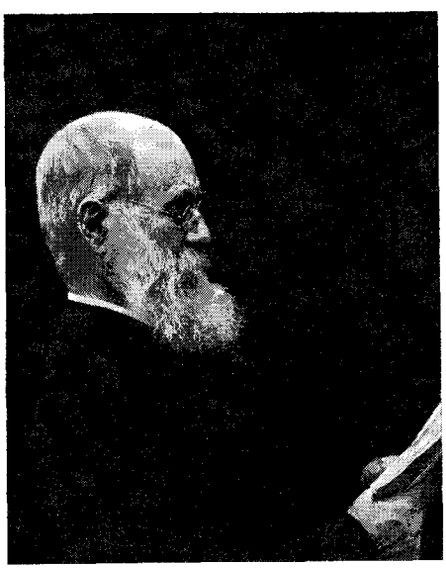
Reviewed by SARAH N. CLEGHORN

CANDACE STONE has held the mirror up to the most interesting, exasperating, attractive, and disappointing of newspapers and editors. Reading her longish but beguiling book is a dip into the surf of American public thought from the sixties through the nineties; and those of us to whom in youth Dana and his *Sun* constituted a legend find in the heap of facts here sorted out for us plenty to digest and to square our previous vague ideas with.

In one regard the *Sun* seems highly modern—its revolutionary (for its time) adoption of informal language, colloquial, picturesque, and deflating. Its bold reliance on this extremely good but unpretentious English endeared it to a delighting public. The rich cleverness of its plentiful staff filled this new medium with sparkle and vigor.

Its substance however made it, after all, rather stodgily old-fashioned. Dana took apparently exhaustless delight in exposing and denouncing. Sheep and goats, according to the *Sun,* could be divided and rewarded or condemned as easily now as on Judgment Day. The chief occupation of the righteous was to ferret out and punish the wicked. Though the *Sun* frequently reversed its judgments, its own fickleness led to no moderation in its gusto for judging (of which Candace Stone furnishes rather too many samples).

When it came to such a man as Horace Greeley, obviously a sheep, and deserving commendation, the *Sun* indulged in infinite delicacies of ridicule and mockery. It was a past master in damning with faint praise. Its editorials praised Greeley for his oddities, his minor virtues were exalted as if on them his fame depended; ludicrous aspects of his humane nature were exhibited, his ambitions were made to seem ludicrous. All that in average human nature finds pleasure in admiring a fellow-mortal turned, in the *Sun,* into satire and burlesque. Yet so cleverly, nimbly, and almost good-naturedly was this done that scarcely the victim himself could resist a smile.



"Dana took apparently exhaustless delight in exposing and denouncing . . ."

Miss Stone says that the *Sun's* commercial success, which was notable, though with sharp vicissitudes, "depended on its reflecting the thoughts of the masses who read it." (It was the first two-cent paper in New York.) In this remark I suggest that the word "average" should be inserted before the word "thoughts." In our observation of one another, some of us emphasize the best, some the worst, and many of us the average selves we find. The *Sun* selected the average self of the average man, and sacrificing its splendid chance to reach his best self with encouragement and advice, bid for and won that middle plane of unconstructive influence,

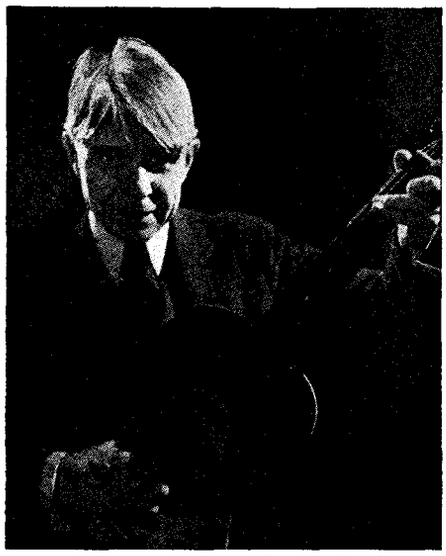
"Like the lame donkey lured by moving hay."

But what manner of man was the best —not average—self of Charles A. Dana? Evidently one of courage and humanitarian thought. For in his youth he was —not transiently, but for five hardworking years—a coöperator in Brook Farm. He married a Brook Farmer. When he went abroad in 1848 to write letters on the European scene to New York papers, he reported the crop of revolutions of that famous year with warm though discriminating sympathy, manfully stating both the excesses of the revolting people, and his sense of kinship with them notwithstanding. And in late middle age, he wrote an editorial on the death of Karl Marx which was so profoundly candid, informed, generous, and prophetic that Miss Stone quotes it almost entire, and I wish I could.

> In him [Dana wrote] workingmen throughout the world recognised their authentic guide and veritable commander . . . Karl Marx was by far the best known, most influential and ablest . . . of those highly educated reformers . . . who defend their novel doctrines with a display of knowledge and ingenuity that captivate the student and compel the deference and admiration of their opponents. . . . The appearance of this book ["Das Kapital"] undoubtedly constituted an epoch in the age-long struggle between wealth and work.

This editorial, so opposite to the *Sun's* usual attitude, so fair to doctrines it disapproved, shows, as Miss Stone says, "to what heights the *Sun* might have risen."

Sarah N. Cleghorn is the author of an autobiography, "Threescore."



Eugene Hutchinson

Carl Sandburg: his father was "surrounded by Johnsons."

Descendants of New Sweden

SWEDES IN AMERICA, 1638-1938. Edited by Adolph B. Benson and Naboth Hedin. Published for the Swedish Tercentenary Association. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HARRY HANSEN

THIS quick survey of men of Swedish birth and descent in America consists of thirty-nine articles by various authorities in history, education, music, architecture, literature, journalism, and industry. The object of the book is to show the distinguished character of Swedish participation in American life since the first settlement at what is now Wilmington, Del., in the spring of 1638. In order to achieve this object the authors discuss first Swedish pioneers from 1638 on; then Swedes born abroad who became important in American life; next, the first generation of Americans with one or two Swedish-born parents; and finally Swedes such as Arrhenius, Berzelius, Linnaeus, and Swedenborg, who affected the intellectual life of America without becoming American citizens. Most of the articles bulge with names and cannot be critical, but several are especially valuable for their analytical character, notably those on "Farmers" by Eric Englund, economist in the Department of Agriculture, and on "Pioneers of the Northwest" by Professor Andrew A. Stomberg of the University of Minnesota.

By far the largest number of the distinguished men mentioned in this book are living, probably because the bulk of the Swedish immigration came after the middle of the nineteenth century. Although Peter Minuit, first governor of New Amsterdam, commanded the first Swedish expedition to the Delaware in 1637-38 and bargained with the Indians for "New Sweden" as he had bargained

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for Manhattan years before, the Swedes lost their lands to the Dutch and to William Penn before the end of the seventeenth century. Their tenacity was self-evident—Swedish Lutherans still worship in five historic churches in Philadelphia, Kingessing, and Bridgeport, Pa., and in Swedesboro and Pennsville, N. J., but their real tides broke over the North Central States. Professor W. Elmer Ekblaw of Clark writes that today one out of every ten in Minnesota is Swedish by birth or ancestry. Of the 1,562,703 Swedish Americans, 200,000 live in the Chicago urban area, while New York City has only 50,000.

The Swede is a practical man, a capable farmer, and a resourceful inventor. The chapter on "Inventors," written by Johan Liljencrants, offers an impressive list of inventions, from the days of John Ericsson to that of Stromberg-Carlson. The object of the first immigrants was not only to farm the land but to own their farms; this made them conservative in politics and chiefly Republican, although leaning to the Progressive legislation, as in Sweden. It has been said that of all nationalities the Scandinavians are the easiest to Americanize. They change their names without regret to gain fluency; thus Ole Manson, coming to the United States after a broken political career abroad, called himself Lindbergh; one of the best-known psychologists in education, Carl Emil Seashore, of Iowa, was originally Sjöstrand; Carl Sandburg's father, finding himself surrounded by Johnsons in Galesburg, Ill., and getting the wrong pay envelope, became Sandburg. Extremely literate, the Swedes not only established many Swedish language newspapers at the start but supported a large number of authors who wrote in Swedish for American readers. As Dr. Axel Johan Uppvall of the University of Pennsylvania points out, this interest in Swedish does not endanger good citizenship, but rather strengthens it. Unfortunately the second generation is less inclined to cultivate a second language; the steam roller of the World War injured the cause of all foreign languages except French and already there are indications that Swedish will not survive standardization.

Reading this book is an adventure in American history and should contribute much to the pleasure of the thousands of fair-haired men and women who will visit the site of Fort Christina in Wilmington and the site of Governor Printz's house on Tinicum island, below Philadelphia, this summer. If they meditate there on the Sweden that, through battles in Europe, lost its great opportunity, they may be solaced by the words of William Penn, who told his king that the Swedes were "a people proper and strong of body" with "few young men more sober and laborious." It is characteristic that the editors of this volume should have placed in the front of the book these words from the man who superseded their people on the American continent.

E. V. Lucas (1868-1938)

E. V. LUCAS was an extraordinary man. The massive shouldering build, the slow sardonic moods, the moist evasive eye, a sort of smoldering grimness (like a cornered bull, a friend once described him) were what might have been expected in a great tycoon, an owner of mines and factories, a disinherited marquis or unexpectedly defeated prizefighter. Some albatross hung round his neck, but no one ever inquired and those who read his light and well bred writings were unlikely to guess the savage quality of the spirit. Like many to whom the emetic epithet "whimsical" has been hastily applied, E. V. was master of protective discoloration. Even his handwriting was a cryptogram. His essays, because they were the merest fooling, will easily be forgotten; not so his incomparable anthologies, guidebooks, and the masterpiece—patiently elaborated through so many years—the Lives and Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb.

E. V. Lucas

The old saying would be true in this case: Lucas knew the Lambs better than they knew themselves. Here he found a deep consoling symbolism, in the sister who was intermittently mad and the brother who wore the dreadful mask of comedy. As editor and as understander Lucas was here supreme. Copious industry to assemble was balanced by beautiful terseness of comment; tingling through to the gristle of the situation.

Hepatic in mien, but ecstatic in vitality, loved and feared and marvelled at, master of the unexpected kindliness and the savage phrase, E. V. was a sketch for something very great indeed. He lived hard; punished others as he did himself; to be thought of as a humorist amused him (more than his humor amused his readers) because there is a malicious pleasure in fulfilling simple categories. He was a great business man and (from simple Quaker stock) loved to oscillate from social grade A to very low company indeed. At both ends of the scale he kept his own counsel. Using the word affectionately, he was a perfect snob. He scarcely ever found anyone good enough to confide what he really thought.

Lowering, witty, of power unsuspected by the casual, he would have humphed with cynical amusement at his obits. Only one as lovingly frank as this would have satisfied his savage passion for the actual and the absurd. In the phrase he knew so well, he was an archangel considerably tarnished, but the gold showed through.

C. M.

The Crab

BY AUDREY WURDEMANN

HOW good to grow upon one's back
A little shell, a little sack
Wherein the soft and vital coils
Rest from and resume their toils;
To shed that shell and grow a wider;
To twin the Seeker with the Hider;
To chew a succulent salty meat;
To find eight-legged swimming sweet;
To suck the marrow of a snail;
To cluster on the foundered whale;
To mate with one of our own kind,
Or mate a thousand, to our mind;
To fight, and grow a second claw
Where the first hung ripped and raw;
To crawl upon the tilted crags,
Down the sea-pools, up the snags;
And at the last, to meet that gull
(By which our destiny is full)
Who cracks our backs upon the stones
And cleanly picks our cleanly bones;
To be washed up, when we are dead,
Upon the sands where we were bred,
Or on some other sandy place,
And prop up each our carapace
Against a rock; to rest our shells
Among the pleasant sea-weed smells,
And broil to scarlet in the sun
The empty house with which we've done,
Where the burst kelp-bladders dry
And mussels wink a long blue eye,
And tight cones and the clams they drilled
Wash up beside the clams they killed,
And we may drift by the proud bones
Of gulls that cracked us on the stones.

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The Experience of Youth

YOUTH TELL THEIR STORY. A Study of the Conditions and Attitudes of Young People in Maryland between the Ages of Sixteen and Twenty-four. By Howard M. Bell. Washington: American Council on Education. 1938. $1.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND G. FULLER

ONE difference between the two generations — the older and the younger — is that the younger tends to adopt, consciously or unconsciously, the ideas and attitudes of the older, while the older is disinclined to listen to and learn from the younger. There have lately been signs of at least a slight change in these attitudes. Here, in this book, is evidence of such change on both sides.

The somewhat patronizing attitude toward youth that has long prevailed is partly due to the notion that youth are without experience and hence without anything important to say — even about the so-called youth problem. Of course, the facts are that youth are full of experience, real experience; that they are having that experience all the time, and are having it at the direct point of contact with such vital adjustments as getting an education, getting a job, and getting married. It is also true that the youth problem, whatever its solution, rests at bottom on the problems *of* youth.

The sponsors of this Maryland study went to the right source for information—and indeed, for suggestion—namely, to youth themselves. Under the auspices of the American Youth Commission of the American Council on Education, trained interviewers talked with 13,528 young people, using a questionnaire comprehensive of items on family background, educational and vocational history, recreational activities and desires, and matters of personal opinion about drinking, war, and a variety of other topics. They talked with youth from cities, towns, villages, and the open country; from exclusive country clubs, middle-class neighborhoods, and blighted areas; students from colleges, high schools, vocational and parochial schools, along with persons who had never gone to school; with the employed and the unemployed, the married and the unmarried. They talked with these young folks wherever they were to be found—homes, clubs, street corners, public parks, dance halls, beer joints, drug stores.

Here are the findings, clearly and simply reported in a book not for the social scientist alone, but for everybody. The pictographs lend considerable aid to the statistics and interpretive text. This is the story of many youths, but small percentages are equally recognized with large —minorities are respected. Nor are individuals lost among the data; they are given representation in their own language, by means of quotations from conversational remarks. Very seldom does one read what is primarily a statistical report and find that it is also an intensely human document.

Most of the youth approached were responsive to the inquiry, some were eager to help; "we don't often get asked." The majority rated "economic security" as the most serious problem confronting their generation; this was true of both the school and the out-of-school groups, and of both the relief and the non-relief groups. It was their own most perplexing personal problem, and in their opinion the crux of the youth problem in general. "We can't get a job like other people used to before." "Employers want experienced people, and I don't see how you can get experience if they won't give you a job." "How can anybody get married on $15 a week?"

Their emphasis on the job question need cause no surprise. Fifty-four per cent of those who had left school had done so under economic pressure. Among the employed the median weekly wage was under thirteen dollars a week. Half of the three thousand who were married were "doubling up" with parents or relatives. Out of the entire group, one in every five was totally unemployed, a category exclusive of youth in school, housewives, and the voluntarily idle. Yet the study was made at a period when recovery seemed to be well on its way.

Youth do not all think alike. While nearly eighty per cent believed that the youth problem is fundamentally a matter of bread and butter, of dollars and cents, ten per cent regarded it as primarily a problem of education, enough and of the right kind; another ten per cent saw it chiefly through moralistic eyes (sex, drinking, smoking, and so on), while still others contributed the opinion that there really isn't any youth problem, after all.

The value of the book, however, lies less in expressions of youth opinion on broad, general subjects, than in the implications of personal attitude and social criticism contained in replies on items of a specific nature. One gathers from these replies that the continued existence of the home is not threatened. Only three per cent of the single youth living at home expressed a desire to leave. Most of them, on the other hand, said that they wanted to have homes of their own sometime and to rear children. The majority of these boys and girls said that they were in the habit of talking their personal problems over with their parents and seeking their advice. But among all youth, with the exception of the white girls, it was found that their chief source of sex information was their contemporaries and the street.

Youth give lip service to the traditional belief in the school. Yet twenty-five per cent of the young Marylanders out of school left because, for one reason or another, they didn't like school. Only fifty per cent of those who had jobs thought that their education had been of "considerable or great value" from an economic or vocational standpoint; nearly thirty per cent regarded it as of "little or no help." The more schooling they had had, however, the higher their estimate. Forty per cent of all the out-of-school youth had only an eighth-grade education or less. Wages were found to be closely correlated with duration of schooling. Children tended to follow in the parental footsteps in length of schooling, amount of wages, and general type or level of occupation. This "vicious circle of economic determinism" is declared to have "depressing effects on a large proportion of the youth population."

There was pretty widespread agreement that this is a cockeyed world which youth have inherited. Yet there was little indication of a radical response to this situation. Most youths, whether employed or unemployed, believed wages in general to be inadequate. Forty per cent favored government regulation of wages and hours. A fifth would depend mostly on labor unions, while a tenth opined that the best way out is still through "individual effort." Only 4.1 per cent would scrap the capitalistic system and try another. Still fewer had any hopes from the initiative of employers.

But while the majority opinion would leave it to the government, there seemed to be a good deal of skepticism about the virtues of the ballot and the qualifications of office holders. Thirty-one per cent of all youth thought that candidates for public office were seldom or never elected because of fitness, though fifty per cent admitted it might sometimes happen. Among young people of voting age, it is reported that "only fifty-five per cent" had voted at their last opportunity, which perhaps isn't so bad a record.

Whether the Maryland sample of youth experience and opinion is typical of the country as a whole does not greatly matter. It is certainly true of large numbers of American youth. The findings are sure to provoke discussion and even controversy. Some of the oldsters will view youth with increased alarm, others with renewed confidence. Youth will protest that the youth *they* know are not like the Marylanders. Some will take exception to "the libel on youth" implied in this paragraph of the report:

> At a time when there is so much talk about the dangers of reactionary oldsters, it might be an excellent idea to give a little thought to the dangers of developing a generation of apathetic youth. In the old a smug conservatism may be a menace, but in the young a listless apathy can quite easily become a national calamity.

Raymond G. Fuller is a sociologist and an authority on child labor.

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Campion the Musician

ENGLAND'S MUSICAL POET THOMAS CAMPION. By Miles Merwin Kastendieck. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

ONE of the most accomplished of the minor English lyrists, a subtle theorist in the arts of music and versification, a doctor of medicine, scholar, controversialist,—Thomas Campion is the perfect *persona* for the literary and artistic element of the Age of Elizabeth. Because of the very qualities which relegate him to a minor rank—his preoccupation with technic, his air of the brilliantly versatile amateur—he is a better index to his period than are the incomparably greater Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson. Him we can encompass and understand. It is Mr. Kastendieck's thesis, however, that our understanding has been incomplete, that Campion the poet has been praised at the expense of Campion the musician; and this prettily made (but sadly proof-read) book intends to restore the balance.

We are given first a sketch of the development of song in England; there follow fourteen pages devoted to the Elizabethan background; then a brief biographical sketch of the poet himself; and the rest of the book deals with his volumes of "Ayres" and his masques, his "A New Way of Making Fowre Parts in Counter-point" and "Observations in the Art of English Poesy." Much of this is a restatement of Vivian and Bullen in very simple terms; one wonders if the obvious result justifies the pains. Mr. Kastendieck is more interesting when he comes to the analysis of certain of the songs: he has excellent things to say about rhythms and melodies, about the fusion of words and music. His ear is good, and his criticism is to be recommended to anyone interested in the musical setting of poetry. Nevertheless, not all his piety or wit can make of Campion more than Campion was able to make of himself. He was neither a great poet nor a first-rate musician: his verse is at best brilliant, but it is all on the surface; his melodies are uninventive, correct, bloodless. He never rises to the pitch of John Dowland, for instance, at Dowland's best; the perfection of Tobias Hume's solitary triumph, "Faine would I Change that Note," is utterly beyond him. It seems to me that in his enthusiasm for his subject, Mr. Kastendieck has postulated an excellence that his material can not sustain.

The tone of this book is at once arrogant and arid. There is a disproportionate emphasis upon the obvious and what *The New Yorker* would call the Ho-Hum Department (e.g.: the fact that "Rosecheekt Lawra" is in "The Oxford Book of English Verse"). There is the unmistakable air of the Dissertation for the Doctorate here.

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A Great Pragmatist

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ACT. By George Herbert Mead. Edited by Charles W. Morris. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

THIS rich volume completes the publication of the fugitive papers of George Herbert Mead, professor of philosophy at the University of Chicago from 1893 until his death in 1931. None of the material, with one minor exception, has appeared in print before and nothing more remains from the hand of Mead except a few fragments which the editors do not deem worthy of publication. Together with its predecessors—"The Philosophy of the Present," "Mind, Self, and Society," and "Movements of Thought in the Nineteenth Century" — the present volume represents a formidable and solid contribution to the corpus of American philosophy. It not only rounds out Mead's thought during the last decade of his life but also fills a number of important lacunae in the movement initiated by Charles Sanders Peirce as "pragmaticism" and developed and instrumentalized by William James and John Dewey as pragmatism.

Too much credit cannot be given to Professor Charles W. Morris, who edited both "Mind, Self, and Society" and "The Philosophy of the Act," the latter in collaboration with John M. Brewster, Albert M. Dunham, and David L. Miller. He earns a special award of merit for the long introduction to this book, which provides an excellent summary of Mead's thought, indicates its ramifications and implications, and builds it into as systematic a philosophy as possible. In addition, Dr. Henry C. A. Mead has supplied a sketch of his father's life up to the time of his appointment to the faculty of the University of Chicago.

A collection of uncoördinated fragments extending to almost seven hundred pages does not lend itself to a coördinated review, and it is furthermore impossible to duplicate in a paragraph or two what Professor Morris himself requires sixty-seven pages to achieve. In general, however, the papers in this volume bring to light Mead's contributions to cosmology. They also deal with metaphysical and epistemological questions, although what the editors call the philosophy of the act absorbs both the theory of existence and the theory of knowledge. The act is simply the most general category of a pragmatic philosophy "which has become aware of the category of action and the relation of thought to behavior," which takes full cognizance of both directions of the interaction between organism and environment, and which accepts the method of science as the method of philosophy.

The first fifteen of these essays find Mead busy with an analysis of the act into the stages of impulse, perception, manipulation, and consummation—four stages of a structure elastic enough to include the whole of philosophy from the pragmatic point of view. Other essays on ontological assumptions and on the philosophy of science deserve particular commendation as do also Mead's efforts to harmonize relativity physics with pragmatism. Supplementary essays include pieces on Whitehead, on both Newtonian and Einsteinian relativity, on science and religion, on the philosophy of history, and on such traditional categories, among others, as reality, form, emergence, teleology, casuality, and contingency.

There is pure gold in these pages, but only those with the proper technical equipment should prospect for it. The essays in this book, and Mead's work as a whole, illustrate in a cogent manner what a philosopher can produce when he frankly restricts himself to the methods of natural science. Their major and most refreshing virtue appears in the fact that almost every sentence refers to the world of human experience and not to empty concepts with which less empirically minded philosophers attempt to nourish their systems. Mead maintains throughout a thoroughgoing biological empiricism without jeopardizing at any instance either the independence of the external world or the objectivity of natural science. He furnishes in addition what seems to this reviewer the most substantial foundation in existence for contemporary social science.

While it is still too early to assess the durability of Mead's philosophy—all of which is now available for the first time—no hazard attaches to the prediction that when the material in this volume filters through the philosophical and scientific thought of the present, Mead will enjoy comparable stature with James and Dewey in the extent of his influence. His erudition, his profundity, and his pragmatic wisdom cannot fail to impress those who have previously been but imperfectly acquainted with his work. His is a philosophy calculated to make any man feel at home on earth, primarily because it does as little violence to common sense as is philosophically possible. In editing these final essays Professor Morris has performed a significant service not only for George Herbert Mead but for American thought.

Robert Bierstedt teaches philosophy at Columbia University.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
PRELUDE TO WAR *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	"The Saint" and Hoppy Uniatz mix it up in grand style with slimy British gun-mongers and fanatical French fascists.	Typical Templar tale, with Simon slipping out of impossible predicaments; deaths too numerous to mention; and Garrison finish.	Supercharged
THE MAN BEHIND *John Hunter* (Dutton: $2.)	Unknown, unseen, and unscrupulous London master criminal falls at last to amateur Pressley and Capt. Dantry.	Few doubts about villain's identity after first inning, but yarn has much varied action and some pleasantly lurid characters.	Melodrama
MURDER AT MANEUVERS *Royce Howes* (Crime Club: $2.)	Bullet through tent slays Soviet observer at American maneuvers. Capt. Ben Lucius out-generals a clever killer.	Novel background of mimic warfare, choleric brass hats, and suspicious "camp followers." Intelligent sleuthing and two-fisted handling.	Good

Phenomena of Life

FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE. By Renée von Eulenburg-Wiener. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $3.50.

AS an introduction to an account of the anatomy, histology, embryology, and physiology of the human organism, Dr. Eulenburg-Wiener has set a philosophic concept which is that a presentation of this kind should relate man to the universe by considering the phenomena of life on the basis of the energy concepts of modern physics.

This has a vague air of profundity, but after pondering it for some time we have humbly come to the conclusion that either it doesn't mean anything at all or we do not know what it means. If it is supposed to be a new idea, that would be a surprise to all the physiologists we know, because all of them already relate the phenomena of life to the energy concepts of modern physics. If it means anything else than what they mean, we cannot see it. So we fear we miss the purport of this book except that it is a presentation of human anatomy and physiology.

The cell is described, and there is a chapter on embryology. Follow descriptions of digestion of the various kinds of foodstuffs, the blood, the circulatory and respiratory systems, nutrition, the kidneys, the ductless glands, and the nervous system.

It is difficult to say exactly what audience the book is expected to reach. It is too brief and too elementary for medical students, and does not detail the experimental evidence and measurements of physiology enough for them. And it is too technical for the lay reader.

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A Culture in Exile

BY B. W. HUEBSCH

THE other night I picked up two books of sixteen or eighteen years ago, both dealing with the German literature of their day. One is by a liberal critic, the other by a severe reactionary. Although only so short a time has elapsed, I was struck by the absurdity of uttering final judgments on living authors. Many of the writers, important enough to be mentioned in those comparatively recent books, are as dead as a doornail. But what impressed me even more forcibly was that, of the German and Austrian authors whose reputations have survived, and whose fame has increased in those sixteen or eighteen years, most of them are exiles. Their names are banned from Herr Hitler's new, made-to-order encyclopedias; their books may not be sold, and anybody in Germany who even possesses them is subject to inhuman penalties.

The serious question arises: What is to become of German letters? Can there be a spontaneous flowering of literary talent when men are not free to express their thoughts and ideas openly? Such of the exiles as are famous enough to be translated into other languages will continue to write, but where will their successors come from? I am skeptical of the survival of German literature without German soil. There are publishing houses in Switzerland, Holland, and Sweden that publish the work of these exiles in the German language, but what will they publish when the present generation of exiles expires? Truly, we are present at the death of a culture in so far as culture is perpetuated in letters.

What is the fate of these men whom millions have read, whose works, in the last few decades, gave such glamor to Germany as she had not had since Gerhart Hauptmann burst on the world, forty-five years ago, with his drama of rebellion, "The Weavers."

They have not scattered widely; they turn to democracies as a flower turns to the sun, and democracies are none too plentiful in these days.

Switzerland is the nearest refuge: Thomas Mann made his home there for a few years, and now, to our great good fortune, this enlightened man is to be one of us. His brother, Heinrich Mann, whose influence on the present generation of German writers has been profound, went to the South of France when the Nazis gained power, and lives there now. Not far away, on the Mediterranean, is Lion Feuchtwanger, with one eye on world politics and the other on his new novel.

Several have turned to Palestine, notably Arnold Zweig, author of "Sergeant Grischa." He is not to be confused with Stefan Zweig, the Austrian biographer of Marie Antoinette, of Mary Stuart, etc. The two men are not related. Stefan Zweig lives quietly in London and will make a lecture tour of the United States next January.

Franz Werfel, of whose "Forty Days of Musa Dagh" I need not remind you, fled Vienna to London and is now in France, where he will seek a quiet spot in which to work; on the Riviera or in the Pyrenees.

Countless lights of varying magnitude have been thrown into prison; of some we know only by rumor; the Nazis do not issue bulletins. It is particularly depressing to think of Felix Salten, creator of the lovable book, "Bambi," deprived of his liberty in his old age for no apparent reason.

Long before President Roosevelt called on the nations to unite in discussing the problem which Germany unloaded on the world, the French Republic had been accepting refugees within reason. Alfred Döblin, known to Americans for his "Alexanderplatz," lives in Paris and will celebrate his sixtieth birthday there this summer. Joseph Roth, whose novel, "Job," appeared some years ago, makes his home there. Also S. Kracauer, whose "Orpheus in Paris" was published here this season. Another German Parisian is a young man named Katz, a new and fine writer whose novel, "The Fishmans," will soon appear here. If your memory goes back as far as three years you will recall the successful biography of Catherine the Great by Gina Kaus. Frau Kaus escaped from Vienna and is hard at work in Paris.

The United States has drawn some good prizes. Bruno Frank, author of "Cervantes," is in Hollywood; Ernst Toller, the poet and playwright, will, in five years, be able to vote for Tammany—or against it; and Ferdinand Bruckner, an outstanding talent among the modern German playwrights, is another new New Yorker.

One of the ironies of the present German madness is their unawareness that with every blow that they strike they injure no one so much as themselves. That is especially true in the field of culture: when they expel a good painter, or composer or author, not only do they lose *him*, but they lower their standard by putting inferior men in the vacant places.

And what are *we* going to do about it all? Grit our teeth and see to it that it doesn't happen here.

The foregoing article was originally written as a broadcast. B. W. Huebsch is a member of the firm of the Viking Press, which has published in America the works of many of the leading German authors.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 222)

ROSSETTI: "SONNETS—THE MOONSTAR."

And as, when night's fair fires their queen surround,
An emulous star too near the moon will ride—
Even so thy rays within her luminous bound
Were traced no more; and by the light so drowned
Lady, not thou, but she was glorified.

The AMEN CORNER

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they needs must — "
Richard Barnfield.

Mr. Miles Merwin Kastendieck might have taken these verses as the motto of the book in which he quotes them, *England's Musical Poet, Thomas Campion*[1] which the Oxford University Press[2] has just brought out.

"You that in Musicke do delight
Your minds for to solace"

can do no better than to invest in this volume at once. It is so beautifully produced it will decorate your shelves permanently, and so enlightening you are likely to read it at a sitting. To quote the author, it reveals "the interrelationship of poetry and music which created one of the great phenomena of English literature —the Elizabethan lyric . . . how poets wrote lyrics to be sung, and composers sought singable lyrics. Together they created an art form called the 'ayre' wherein poetry and music were equally balanced." Campion is selected for special study because he wrote both words and music.

The Oxonian cannot help thinking of Gerard Manley Hopkins, who also was a musician as well as a poet. Everyone who takes literature seriously should possess *The Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges and the Correspondence of G. M. Hopkins and R. W. Dixon.*[3] Here you have displayed one of the rarest personalities—and one of the most essential critics—since, let us say, Sir Philip Sidney,[4] and with the added fascination of being almost post-War in his modernism. Now comes a new volume of *Further Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins including his Correspondence with Coventry Patmore.*[5] Here are all the remaining letters of Hopkins, with the replies to them where possible. In the meantime, you will remember, the Oxford Press has published *The Note-Books and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins,*[6] with Drawings by the poet. (He was also an artist.) And *The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins,* edited by Robert Bridges, with an Introduction by Charles Williams, are now available in the inexpensive form[7] of the *Oxford Bookshelf* series.

Hopkins is a man hard to let go of, though we had intended going on about the Elizabethans. In our favorite series (you have guessed it! *The World's Classics*)[8] there is a fresh volume of *Five Elizabethan Tragedies,* edited with an Introduction by A. K. McIlwraith. We haven't left room to tell you about its contents or those of the other drama volumes in this invaluable series. Trollope fans will also want to know that *The Prime Minister* has just been issued also in two volumes.[8] If you want to know more, write

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The Search for a Logical Faith

THE GLORY OF GOD, A Letter to My Son. By Robert O. Ballou. New York: Covici-Friede. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by CLARA SAVAGE LITTLEDALE

WHEN the five-year-old son of the author asked "Who is God?" his father found he had no quick and easy answer to his child's question. For in order to explain his conception of God he must go far back to where its roots lay in his childhood. He decided to try to answer his son by writing him a letter. The letter grew into a book—not a book for a child but a book for adults. Here the author tells about himself as a boy, of his mother, who, left a widow with several children, was able to live bravely and serenely because of her deep religious faith. She sang hymns with her children, she read aloud to them Psalms and the passages she loved best from the Bible, and for this son their cadence still echoes down the years. The family knelt together in their farm sitting-room and prayed to a God who they believed was immensely concerned with all the details of their personal lives. Their mother's faith took her and her family to the Methodist Episcopal Church in Wheaton, Illinois, which the author joined. Then gradually, the unquestioning and simple faith of his childhood was challenged by questioning and doubt. He found that the minister, the people of the congregation, finally the Church itself, did not follow the teachings of Jesus which they professed to believe. The war came and was fought by Christian nations with the sanction of their churches. Of the horrors of that war in which he served the writer tells his son in unexpurgated quotations. He concludes by saying, "For me the war (fought by Christian nations) put an end forever to any influence which the Christian church as it exists today, could have on me. . . . For I knew that the Christian church as a whole had never accepted Christ." The remainder of the book traces the gradual evolution of the author's faith based on his deep conviction of man's need of a religion and a God, and the last pages of the book are given to answering the question, How may one find his God?

Only a person who came from a strongly religious background could have written as Robert Ballou has. While he challenges and eventually discards religion in its conventional forms, he is always firm in his conviction of men's need to "find God" each in his own way. One wonders in reading the book whether a later generation of children, brought up with little or no religious background, will feel as passionately this need.

Those who are still loyal to the Church as an institution may be shocked by the author's willingness to discard all organized religion, even though he admonishes his son to draw truth and inspiration from whatever sources seem fruitful to him. Communicants in liberal churches will feel that the author disregards entirely churches which emphasize salvation by character as basic to their creed, while the Quakers may well remind Mr. Ballou that theirs is a Christian church which has always stood firm against war.

But I doubt whether anyone of sensitivity can read this book without being deeply moved. Many will feel that it has cleared away their mists of confusion and has disclosed, beautifully, reverently, and logically a faith based on natural laws and a canon which they can joyfully accept.

Clara Savage Littledale is editor of The Parents' Magazine.

Papago Song Magic

SINGING FOR POWER. By Ruth Murray Underhill. Illustrated by Ma-Pe-Wi and Ben Pavisook. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

THIS happy record of the song magic of the Papago Indians is a type of by-product of ethnological work which is all too scarce. The genuine literary contribution that some primitive peoples have to make has usually been totally obscured by the miserable influence of the Dryasdusts, or rendered almost obscenely unattractive by the sentimental rewriting and "improvements" of would-be-popular translators. It is a stroke of luck that a sound scientist possessed of a genuine literary gift should have come in contact with this delightful body of poetry.

There is a real enlargement of the corpus of American poetry to be had from a people who can write:

Where stands the cloud, trembling
On Quijotoa mountain,
The cloud trembling,
There lies my heart
Trembling.

There is delight in a people who can say, in describing ceremonial drunkenness:

Dizzy women
Are seizing my heart.
Westward they are leading me.
I like it.

Miss Underhill has been able to avoid the dry literalness which is the habitual scientific affectation of those who are afraid that the creeping in of sensitive appreciation may ruin their technical standing. She has also avoided the pseudo-literary floridness with which Cushing ruined the great Zuñi epic, and which afflicted Mary Austin in her poetic renderings. There have been a few scientists who added to their deep understanding of Indian poetry, their true sense of its background and purport, the ability to retain its literary worth in English. One thinks immediately of Matthews and his translations from the Navajo, and more recently of Bunzel's work on the Zuñi. Unfortunately, their contributions are hidden in heavy tomes, difficult to secure, and alarming to the ordinary reader from their mere appearance. Miss Underhill's work of equal merit has been, thank Heaven, put out in an unfrightening, attractive form.

There is a nice balance between her delightfully written explanations and the poems themselves, to which the drawings of her two Indian illustrators lend additional charm.

After Rome Fell

THE GATEWAY TO THE MIDDLE AGES. By Eleanor Shipley Duckett. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1938. $5.

Reviewed by JOSEPH R. STRAYER

IT took Rome almost as long to fall as to rise. Her decline began in the third century, but it was three hundred years before Roman civilization became medieval. Only in the sixth century did consuls and senators vanish and the pope replace the urban prefect as the real ruler of the city of Rome. Only in the sixth century did monasteries replace schools of rhetoric as the chief training ground for scholars and administrators. This century saw the final collapse of Roman civilization, and Professor Duckett rightly calls it the gateway to the Middle Ages.

The author is primarily interested in the writers of the period, though she has sketched in the historical background. Few periods in the history of literature are more obscure; this book gives an able and impartial summary of the chief results of recent scholarly work in the field. Few periods are more important to the reader who is interested in the general problems of the rise and fall of civilizations; Professor Duckett offers him interesting material, but has made his task needlessly hard by the loose organization of her work. Minor points are elaborated and asides are multiplied until the main thread of the argument is often lost. Thus the excellent account of Boethius is broken by a long catalogue of medieval philosophers who were interested in problems which he raised. In the descriptions of Britain and Gaul, the layman who has no categories in his own mind in which to classify the material will not find it easy to discover the significant elements in a mass of details.

If these difficulties are overcome, there is much to be learned from the book. These sixth century men were living at a difficult time; old institutions and ideas were crumbling and the new were not yet formed. How did intelligent individuals react to these conditions? Many types emerge from Professor Duckett's study, ranging from academicians like the poet Corippus, who took refuge in old traditions, to modernists like Pope Gregory the Great, who had no interest in preserving the old because they were too busy in building the new. In between came the scholars, of whom Boethius was the greatest, who tried to save what they could of ancient learning by epitomizing it and adapting it to new conditions.

The author is at her best in summarizing individual works, such as Eugippius's "Life of St. Severinus," or the "Rule of St. Benedict." This ability reaches a high point in her account of Boethius's "Consolation of Philosophy," which is the best available in English. But Professor Duckett has been less successful in summing up the general tendencies of the sixth century. The general reader will need to read other works in order to make the most of the information contained in this book.

Joseph R. Strayer teaches history at Princeton University.

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Man the Known

MAN THE SLAVE AND MASTER. By Mark Graubard. New York: Covici-Friede. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

PROFESSOR GRAUBARD'S book might be called an Outline of Man. Beginning with the biological basis of the individual, it compresses into a short space an account of the structure of the body and the function of the sense organs, nerves, and brain, the pattern of physiological reactivity, and the processes whereby ideas and behavior are conditioned by training and environment. It passes on to the mechanism of heredity, the function of chromosomes and genes, the determination of sex, the influence of hormones upon development, and the question of what man does or does not inherit from his progenitors. It then turns to the processes of mutation, selection, and evolution, recounting the early history of *Homo sapiens* from the ice ages down to modern man. The definition of race and the alleged differences in mental capacity of varieties of man are treated at considerable length because of their importance in current sociological thought. The origin and diffusion of culture, the significance of ethics, morals, art, music, and other modes of expression are subjected to brief analysis. The book ends by drawing a contrast between the present "menace of confusion" and the possibilities of reorganization of mankind along the lines of what the author calls "scientific humanism."

Broad as is the scope of this outline, it has at almost all points an authoritative ring. The author is trained in biology and genetics and has obviously taken pains to authenticate his statements in other fields. The book suffers not from any inadequacy of content, but from inadequacy of writing. The style is stilted, frequently sinking to the soporific measures of a bored instructor lecturing to bored sophomores. It is declared that the development of the human species is an amazing epic, a thrilling story to be told to old and young alike; indeed it is, but these qualities rarely emerge in this exposition. This is in part because of an improper sequence of topics, a failure to sustain a common thought in consecutive sentences, the use of irritating rhetorical questions, and the conscientious adherence to the forthright style of a technical dissertation. There are a few minor criticisms: the author fails to distinguish between innate reflexes and acquired automatisms; he naively accepts Marx's doctrines as proven; for a student of human nature he displays a quite unscientific and venomous prejudice against all philosophy and philosophers; and he makes a mountain out of the Freudian molehill. However, neither these nor the deficiency in style reduces the value of the book.

Graubard's philosophy is one of realism. He believes in the existence of the electrons, atoms, molecules and stars; he believes that man reacts to these external entities by virtue of his sense organs, and that little by little he is learning something about the ultimate nature of the universe, as well as how to master that universe for his comfort and benefit. Religion, he says, has in the past failed to work because it is idealistic and unreal. As a substitute for the religious philosophies of the past he would start with our knowledge of what man is and why he behaves the way he does, and by applying and enlarging this knowledge, endeavor to shape society into a happier form. He takes the welfare of humanity, of the species as a whole the world around, as the ultimate desideratum. By the good of humanity he means the immediate material and cultural welfare of every member of the species. Scientific humanism thus defined is conceivably within reach at a not too remote age, at least in countries with a mechanically efficient system of education. Many would be glad to elect it as the next step in our evolution.

Self-Made Surgeon

J. B. MURPHY: Stormy Petrel of Surgery. By Loyal Davis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by EDWARD D. CHURCHILL, M.D.

WHEN a surgeon reviews a biography of a surgeon written by a surgeon it is perhaps pardonable to revive a venerable cliché and refer to the dissection of a personality with a keen scalpel. This precise, unimpassioned, and thoroughly objective analysis of J. B. Murphy does bear many earmarks of a surgical operation. So much so, that one longs to have the author break his aseptic technique and let in a little dirt at certain points.

Born and reared on a farm that had been wrested from the wilderness by his Irish immigrant parents, J. B. Murphy made an early contact with surgery in the office of a country doctor. His first train ride landed him in Chicago to study medicine. Fighting his way in the rough and tumble competition of a growing medical center, he rose not only to a position of local prominence but to achieve international fame as a surgeon.

Murphy was a controversial figure in surgery largely because he possessed certain traits that would have been gilt-edged assets in many other fields. He was a showman at heart. "Show young Murphy a man in the spotlight and he would endeavor to emulate him."

> With an audience his work was swifter, surer, more brilliant; with an audience his confidence was supreme. Like all men of his make, the best came out of him only when he played to the grandstand. If this be conceded, the man escapes much of the criticism which was visited upon him in later years. That was his nature; and if that nature did not fit into the mold prescribed by his colleagues, then more power to Murphy that he did not cramp it to fit.

Dr. Davis has written an excellent biography of this brilliant son of Irish immigrants who became an eminent surgeon. It is a biography that will hold the interest of the layman as well as the professional. As to interpretations, perhaps after all, the author has been wise to adopt the philosophy of his subject and "let the record show."

The Complete Jonson

BEN JONSON. Edited by C. H. Herford, Percy and Evelyn Simpson. Volume VI. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. $7.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE

THE austere Oxford Ben Jonson has reached its sixth volume, marking one of the significant milestones in its progress. Ben's plays now stand complete (with one slight exception) in the first text that Ben could have altogether approved since the much less comprehensive, but almost equally meticulous, one which he himself edited in 1616. It is an edition for scholarly connoisseurs who prefer their textual criticism, like their wine, dry and scrupulously decanted.

As is well known, this great edition, to be completed in ten volumes, will be the monument chiefly of Dr. Percy Simpson, who has devoted half a lifetime to it. The newest volumes continue to bear also the name of the late Professor Herford, who died in 1931, and who, it is supposed, was mainly responsible for Volumes I and II on "The Man and His Work." Volume VI adds for the first time the name of Mrs. Simpson, by whose help, and by the aid of an award from the Leverhulme Trustees, it has been possible to produce Volumes V and VI within a single year. This is excellent speed and promises well for Volume VII, which—since it is to contain "The Sad Shepherd" and all the tangled glories of the Masques—will be eagerly awaited.

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The New Books

Art

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY AMERICAN PORTRAITS. By Barbara Neville Parker and Anne Bolling Wheeler. Boston: Museum of Fine Arts. 1938. $7.50.

Only two names in American painting before 1850 are generally familiar, those of John Singleton Copley and Gilbert Stuart. Stuart has been the subject of numerous monographs, and a four-volume catalogue by Lawrence Park provides an exhaustive description of his portraits. Until now there has been no adequate catalogue of Copley's paintings, and admirers of the artist have shown a tendency to attribute to him all unsigned portraits produced in pre-Revolutionary America. The previous catalogues of work by Copley published by A. T. Perkins in 1873 and by F. W. Bayley in 1915 were little more than informal lists with numerous omissions and doubtful attributions. Mrs. Parker and Mrs. Wheeler have now supplied the need with a handsome and scholarly catalogue of Copley's paintings. They have wisely limited themselves to a discussion of the productions of Copley's American period, that is, from the time he first began to paint at the age of fifteen, to 1774, when he departed for England. This date provides a convenient break in the artist's career, for thereafter he fell under the sway of the English school and his unspoiled native style gave way to barren imitations of the grand manner. The brief but useful introduction to the catalogue not only summarizes the known facts of Copley's life, but also traces his development as an artist. The text is divided into three sections, the principal one listing oils, pastels, and miniatures, which the authors consider unquestioned works by Copley; the second, paintings formerly attributed to Copley, which in the light of their research do not appear to be by his hand; the third, unlocated paintings referred to in authoritative sources. Short biographies of the sitters, arranged alphabetically, are followed by descriptions of the portraits, the names of the present owners, and published references to the paintings. The plates, of which there are more than a hundred, are arranged chronologically. In the last analysis the book is a scholarly collection of material rather than a critical study. To the non-expert, the section devoted to the plates will prove the most engrossing part of the book.

H. H. A.

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BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION

Fiction

JOHNNY PYE AND THE FOOL-KILLER. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Illustrated by Charles Child. Weston, Vermont: The Countryman Press. 1938. $3.50.

Mr. Benét's tale, first published in *The Saturday Evening Post*, then reprinted in the "*Post* Stories of 1937," is now brought out in an edition of 750 copies, signed by the author and by Charles Child, who has done some attractive black and white illustrations for it. The story itself, reread, is still charming and very much worth the bother the publishers have gone to. It may be native to New England, or it may have traceable antecedents in Germanic folklore, or what seems most likely of all, it may be something that Mr. Benét made up out of his head. In any case, he has produced something singular and endearingly American.

To retell the story, or even to explain what the Fool-Killer really looked like, would be unfair. But it will do Mr. Benét no harm, certainly, to quote from the black-whiskered medicine man's spiel for OLD DOCTOR WALDO'S UNPARALLELED UNIVERSAL REMEDY: "Made from the purest snake oil and secret Indian herbs, it cures rheumatism, blind staggers, headache, malaria, five kinds of fits, and spots in front of the eyes. It will also remove oil or grease stains, clean knives and silver, polish brass, and is strongly recommended as a general tonic and blood purifier. Small size, one dollar —family bottle, two dollars and a half."

W. M.

THREE DAUGHTERS. By Ruth Eleanor McKee. Doubleday, Doran. 1938. $2.75.

We are, it seems, out of the epoch of war books written by those who lived through the war, and beginning on the epoch of historical novels, with the war as a background for romance. Here is a book by an author who, from her own experience, knows nothing whatever about war, and who has projected her own generation back into the circumstances of 1917,—with somewhat strange results. A jumble of facts is here, but the feel of war is not here at all.

The heroine, daughter of a nouveau-riche arms manufacturer, sails for France in the summer of 1917, with "two trunks that had a vast number of afternoon frocks and evening gowns . . . quantities of sport things," and "six dozen pair of silk hose." Her family see her off at the pier. In Paris she reports at an alleged Y.M.C.A. Headquarters in the Avenue Montaigne where, girls with "swirling" tea gowns of pale chiffon, danced cake walks with "good looking young Americans in uniform." The young Americans dance perpetually, even with Mobile Hospitals at the front.

"A highly emotional love story," says the publisher's blurb, "the most complete picture of what happened to women in the war that ever was written."

But, as we remember it, war was not like that. We remember sailing in the summer of 1917 with one trunk, that measured 12 x 18 x 30 inches, which the rules allowed us. No one waved us off from the pier, for no one knew when ships were to sail. We never danced,—Paris in 1917 was in no mood for dancing. Nor did we wear evening clothes. When we occasionally went out with young men to some quiet French restaurant, where no one burst into song, we walked through the blackened streets, or took the Metro.

The American woman in France in 1917 became a symbol. She stood for home. She stood for wife and mother. She stood for the American ideal. This is what Miss McKee missed completely in her tale of American women in France. Her girls never lose their individuality, never merge themselves into the whole, become cogs in the great wheel. The spirit of the American Expeditionary Force is missing.

M. L.

HIGH BRIDGE. By Ethel Hueston. Bobbs-Merrill. 1938. $2.

Ethel Hueston's new book can really be called a novel only by courtesy. It is comprised of four parts, the first three of which are perfectly separate and distinct long stories. Part Four brings all three stories together in a happy ending that it must have taken a good, stretchable imagination to conceive.

Part One tells the story of Valerie Northrupp, a simple, charming stenographer who is led astray (only never quite) by the worst type of false charmer; Part Two is about Todd McAllister, a boy from Maine who comes to New York and loses his small inheritance in the stock market; Part Three deals with Mr. and Mrs. Carter Reed, a once happily married couple who have come to the parting of ways over another woman. In the last quarter of the book, Mr. and Mrs. Reed find happiness again in keeping Valerie and Todd from committing suicide and in starting them on the road to married bliss.

It is to be hoped that all readers of "High Bridge" will have splendidly illogical minds and melodramatic tastes.

L. A.

FLATTERY'S FOAL. By Peter Shiraeff. Knopf. 1938. $2.50.

Everyone (including the Russians, it seems) is familiar with the tried and true theme of the dark horse who won. Here it is again, and this time translated from the Russian. The mare Flattery (by Firedrake out of Pepperbrandy) should have been entered in the trotting races at the Moscow Hippodrome. Instead, her aristocratic owner decided to breed from her.

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The Revolution upset his plans, and in the turmoil that followed the mare came into the possession of an honest peasant. Starved to death in the famine of 1921, Flattery nevertheless lived long enough to produce a colt (by Favorite, son of Taglyoney) who was destined to win the cup and achieve the triumph that might otherwise have been hers.

Though such historical events as the Revolution do turn up in the story, they are dealt with only in their incidental bearing on the profession of trotting, and the final victory of Flattery's foal appears, to some extent, as a vindication of the new regime. To the American reader who is not familiar with the slang and local color of the Russian turf some of the scenes seem confusing and unnecessary. A good short story made into a novel, it is hard to see in this book the masterpiece which English critics have claimed it to be.

L. J. H., Jr.

THE KING IN YELLOW. By Robert W. Chambers. With an introduction by Rupert Hughes. Appleton-Century. 1938. $2.

One of the earliest books by a writer who later became an extremely popular novelist is now reprinted with an introduction by a contemporary author also of great popularity. In its day "The King in Yellow" made Chambers's name known at once, and he was hailed as a successor to Poe. The stories in this early work depended upon the idea of there existing a book so strange and terrible that no one could read it without becoming mad or without its having some frightful effect upon their lives. Chambers had a distinct *flair* for the weird and fantastic story, and did more of the type afterward; he also succeeded in turning out some praiseworthy historical novels. His society novels were vastly popular but did not represent his best work. He never, for instance, displayed the insight of Edith Wharton. Without question, in his earlier years, Chambers had brilliant promise. In the fantastic vein he need not have bent the knee to anyone. It is good to have in a new edition so original a work of fiction as "The King in Yellow."

W. R. B.

ESCAPE. By Royal Brown. Dutton. 1938. $2.

Mr. Brown's hero, William Bingham McAdams 3rd, just out of Harvard, tries to escape his wealth and its social complications as plain Bing McAdams. As Jonesey, a waitress, Ellen Corliss tries to escape being blamed for what at first appears to be a murder. Under their aliases, Bing and Jonesey meet and marry. Jonesey then discovers who Bing is and runs away to save him unpleasant publicity. Until Bing finds her and solves all problems there are misery and heartbreak for everyone.

Royal Brown tells a lively story. His local detail is unusually accurate and he has occasional moments of insight into the way people feel. But at times his people are a little too nice, young, and confused. "Escape" might have made a better short story than a novel.

M. S.

HEARTBROKEN MELODY. By Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Doran. 1938. $2.

Kathleen Norris has written it again, and it should please her huge following even more than usual because she has seldom done it better. "Heartbroken Melody" holds all the ingredients which have made its author so famous. It is the story of a beautiful business girl of sterling middle-class stock who gets herself entangled with one of the men for whom she works, a married play-boy of the first water. When the affair ends, and as an indirect result of its ending, she sustains a physical injury which, though seeming to ruin her life, eventually salvages it by causing her to turn to writing for a distraction and a livelihood. When five years later, recovered and successful, she meets her lover once more, she finds that she has outgrown him and chooses, instead, a solider and worthier man. The book ends with a fine, glamorous life opening up before its heroine.

Certainly this sounds an ordinary story enough and so it is—one that appears every day in the popular magazines. This very fact, however, makes Kathleen Norris's magic touch the more noticeable, and "Heartbroken Melody" a perfect vehicle for her talents. Hackneyed though her situations are, trite though her solutions, there is a genuine, an almost peculiar warmth about her writing which sets it apart from the general run of popular fiction. In the midst of a welter of cozy, domestic detail, she has the knack of suddenly startling and pleasing her reader with the depth of her discernment, with the unexpected worldliness of her wisdom.

L. A.

Miscellaneous

A HISTORY OF THE PRINTED BOOK. Edited by Lawrence C. Wroth. The Limited Editions Club. 1938. $15.

The third number of *The Dolphin* (the first volume came out in 1933, the second in 1935) appears as "A History of the Printed Book," edited by the distinguished librarian of the John Carter Brown Library in Providence. It is a handsome folio of 450 pages, printed in large type on a pleasant wove paper, and abundantly illustrated. Eighteen hundred copies have been printed for general sale.

The Editor's plan, as explained in an excellent introductory note, has been to treat the history of the printed book by general topics rather than strictly chronologically. It is therefore divided into four main sections: The Origin and Development of the Book, The Printing House, The Adornment of the Book, and A Summary of Printing History. To this end a distinguished list of contributors, American, English, and German, have written the fifteen chapters. Treatment of the manuscript and the early printed books falls to Mr. Lehmann-Haupt of Columbia, Mr. Fuhrmann of New York University, and Mr. von Rath of the University of Bonn. For the story of the press in the next five centuries, there are chapters by Mr. A. F. Johnson of the British Museum, Mr. Wroth, Mr. Peter Beilenson of the Walpole Printing-Office, Miss Stillwell of the Annmary Brown library, and Miss Granniss of the Grolier Club.

The tools and practices of the printing house are considered in three chapters—type by Mr. Rollins, the printer's press by Mr. David Pottinger of the Harvard University Press, paper by Mr. Dard Hunter, and the author and his book by Mr. R. W. Chapman of Oxford.

The final chapter, on the literature of printing, is by Mr. G. P. Winship.

Such a list gives assurance of accuracy and authority, although some repetitions and differences of opinion are inevitable. One also notes some omissions such as an adequate consideration of eighteenth century newspapers.

Of the illustrations, those in line, and printed with the text, are the better; the gravure plates seem at times almost out of focus, and usually lacking in crispness. A remarkably complete index, and a section of advertisements which are in themselves excursions in typography, complete the book. It is perhaps the most comprehensive and elaborate treatise by a group of specialists which has ever appeared in America on the history of printing.

Philosophy

A THEORY OF VALUE. By John R. Reid. Scribners. 1938. $2.

This book belongs to one of the most difficult and forbidding fields of current philosophy, namely, axiology or value-theory. The author takes time only to define the word "definition" before he states his definition of value, a procedure which enables him to devote the major part of the book to exegesis and defense, with further discussion of the implications of the theory for esthetics and criticism. According to him, a value is "a (probably) unique affective quality, more or less rich with meaning, emerging out of the total situation" of organism and environment; it is affective meaning, an aspect of nature, and a natural function of the human organism. Mr. Reid skillfully relieves whatever preliminary confusion arises from this and goes on to engage the protagonists of other views in prolonged polemic, with particularly

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disastrous consequences to the idealists, whose absolutistic lucubrations he shows to be so much oil from midnight lamps. Naturalistically grounded in psychology and physiology, excellently reasoned, and cleverly written—even the puns have some "value"—this essay is recommended to all those who can endure the rigors of philosophical dialectic and who will remember with the author that "One man's verbiage is another man's metaphysics." It is also recommended to philosophers of whatever persuasion as one of the most cogent and sensible contributions to axiology to appear in recent years and one with which a newer challenger in the field will have to reckon.

R. B.

Travel

EUROPEAN SUMMER. By Emma Gelders Sterne. Dodd, Mead. 1938. $2.50.

There is a sweet glut of travel books written apparently by girl guides who visit Europe to improve their minds and can't rest until they have told you how to improve your own by traveling precisely as they do. Emma Gelders Sterne and her four young Amazons would horrify most of them, for they were out for fun and a perquisite of knowledge. They loaded their car with flowers when they drove through Holland, Belgium, France, England, and the Scandinavian countries. They made schedules to delight in breaking them. They laughed often because they were happy to find the Swedish cooperative housing so successful, the cathedrals so lovely when regarded across an omelette, and because they often sang and could never carry a tune. It is refreshing to read Mrs. Sterne's unserious appraisal of ancient and modern art in the many museums they visited, even when she misspells the names of the artists.

She and her Amazons looped down through France and up to Mont-Saint-Michel, where she observed the curious tide—and wrote of it beautifully—then up to England. They saw disinterred Viking ships of Norway, jaunted past the red roofs and progressive farms of Sweden, curtsied to Hamlet's castle in Denmark, and appropriately ended their tour on a merry-go-round. Mrs. Sterne's writing is exceptionally fine for a book of this sort, and young Alec's drawings are as gay as the text.

H. D.

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Double-Crostics: No. 223

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

				1-I		2-X	3-V	4-S	5-N	6-L	7-G		8-K	9-C	10-A	11-Q			
12-U	13-Y	14-B	15-W		16-Y	17-W	18-H		19-X	20-I	21-M		22-K	23-J	24-Y	25-P	26-Q		
	27-H	28-O	29-M	30-E	31-G	32-P	33-I		34-L	35-U	36-Y	37-N	38-D		39-B	40-D			
41-T	42-R	43-E		44-A	45-B	46-Q	47-L		48-J	49-X	50-V	51-C	52-O		53-S	54-T	55-A		
56-C	57-Y	58-U		59-F	60-R		61-V	62-S	63-K	64-R		65-U	66-S	67-E	68-P		69-T		
70-P	71-J		72-P	73-O	74-T	75-U	76-D	77-K	78-R		79-M	80-E		81-I		82-S	83-J		
84-K	85-D	86-G	87-R	88-B	89-M	90-O		91-W	92-N	93-A	94-F	95-X	96-T		97-H	98-R			
99-D	100-M	101-S	102-B	103-K	104-G	105-U		106-J	107-X	108-M	109-Q	110-S	111-T	112-F	113-G		114-N		
115-O	116-J		117-N	118-R		119-X	120-W	121-G	122-C	123-F	124-I	125-J		126-C	127-M	128-H			
129-K	130-C	131-M	132-D	133-P		134-R	135-V		136-D	137-A	138-Y	139-M	140-Q	141-X		142-I			
143-C	144-J	145-R	146-V	147-D	148-T	149-P	150-S	151-Q		152-K	153-J	154-H		155-B	156-U	157-R	158-H		
159-F	160-X	161-O		162-A	163-W	164-K		165-Y	166-I	167-M		168-Q	169-K	170-G	171-I	172-S	173-O		
174-X		175-W	176-D		177-E	178-I	179-F		180-C	181-J	182-U	183-X	184-P						

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Cowardly wild dog of the Old World.
B. Phoenician princess carried to Crete by Zeus.
C. Companion of Christian in "Pilgrim's Progress."
D. Represents as untrue.
E. One instructed in a secret system.
F. Novel by Bulwer-Lytton.
G. Lifelessly.
H. Epic poetry.
I. Epic poem by Firdausi (2 words).
J. Straightforward.
K. Unlawful intruder.
L. English cathedral.
M. Tricky fairy (Irish).
N. Drivel.
O. Strike with amazement.
P. Fostered.
Q. Mary Queen of Scot's husband.
R. Fabulous animal, half horse, half griffin.
S. Worked out with care.
T. Piece of wood suitable for throwing (colloq., U. S.).
U. Caves.
V. Alleviated.
W. Novel by Scott (2 words).
X. Apparent.
Y. American novelist (1862-1937).

WORDS

A. 44 162 10 55 93 137
B. 14 45 102 39 155 88
C. 143 9 56 126 122 180 130 51
D. 40 136 85 99 147 176 76 132 38
E. 43 80 67 30 177
F. 112 159 179 59 94 123
G. 31 7 104 170 121 86 113
H. 154 27 97 158 18 128
I. 33 20 1 166 124 142 171 81 178
J. 48 144 83 116 153 23 181 125 106 71
K. 84 77 152 164 8 103 169 22 63 129
L. 6 34 47
M. 131 167 29 108 21 100 127 139 79 89
N. 37 5 114 117 92
O. 73 161 90 28 115 173 52
P. 149 70 72 68 25 133 32 184
Q. 26 109 151 168 46 11 140
R. 42 87 157 64 60 78 145 134 98 118
S. 150 110 172 82 66 4 101 53 62
T. 111 74 96 148 69 54 41
U. 58 65 35 105 12 156 182 75
V. 146 3 135 50 61
W. 17 175 91 163 120 15
X. 95 174 19 107 119 141 49 2 183 160
Y. 138 13 16 36 165 24 57

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE were shocked to read in the paper of the death (in an automobile accident) of James Weldon Johnson, distinguished Negro writer and composer, author of *The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man.* He was a man of great charm and integrity, and a faithful crusader for the underprivileged of his race.

Old Q. has been finding much interest in the private papers of an oldtime kinsman, dead these many years, a schoolmaster in Yorkshire a century ago. About that time the worthy man, who was methodical and ambitious, thought of emigrating to the U. S.—He made a careful study of what information was available, and his reasoned conclusion was as follows:—"New York to make money, Philadelphia to spend it in, Burlington (New Jersey) to retreat to in old age." ☞We look with some curiosity to see what reception readers will accord the reissue of Robert W. Chambers' *The King in Yellow* (Appleton-Century). We picked up a first of this years ago, and quite recently browsed it again without any notion it was to be republished. We found it, as we had before, one of the most completely gaga of all books; but pleasant to fall asleep with on a sunny porch in the woods in the treacherous opiate of early afternoon. ☞A lucidly intelligent remark is quoted (by her publishers) from Christina Stead's *House of All Nations:* "There's no money in working for a living." ☞Speaking of Saturday's Children, this week (June 30) was the anniversary of the founding (1646) of Brooklyn, which has always worked hard for its living and been kidded for it. Except perhaps on the St. George Roof, it scarcely ever sees a foreigner, and doesn't care. It has one of the most beautiful parks in the world, and if Walt Whitman were still a young man (he is, in most of *Leaves of Grass*) that's probably where you'd find him. This is germinated by a note from Columbia University Press that they're going to publish *Brooklyn Village,* 1816-1834, by Ralph F. Weld. ☞Ben C. Clough writes from Providence reproaching Old Q. (and rightly) for translating *cimex* as *louse* when it really means *bedbug.* But the word *louse* has become almost tolerable by humorous usage; the other remains taboo. ☞We are always pleased to see that grand old address 20 Vesey Street get into print; that is where this *Review* was prenatal. 20 Vesey, for reasons of its own, was always home and hearth for all oppressed, disinherited, kickers-against-pricks and agin-the-governments. Sooner or later the Irish, the Hindu, the blackamoor, the wage-slave, the share-cropper, the railroaded-to-the-jug, everyone out of luck, heard about 20 Vesey Street and got in line. ☞So we have a feeling that New York is still valiantly itself when we note that 20 Vesey Street is the headquarters of the American Guild for German Cultural Freedom, which sponsors the Exile Literary Prize. Manuscripts may be either fiction or non-fiction, but must be in the German language. The total of awards now offered the winner is nearly $5,000, offered (in varying sums) by Little Brown (Boston), Collins (London), Albin Michel (Paris), Bonnier (Stockholm), Gyldendal (Christiania) Querido (Amsterdam) and Sythoff (Leiden). The judges of the contest are five distinguished German writers in exile.

☞To the famous phrase "underpaid, underclothed, undernourished," add a fourth inadequate—underbooked. Dean Wilson of the University of Chicago Library School says in *The Geography of Reading* that one-third of the nation (45 millions) have no easy access to public libraries. Massachusetts and Delaware are the only two states that provide public library service for their entire populations. ☞New York State has 1078 bookstores; California comes second with 471; and Wyoming lowest with 5. ☞Speaking of California booksellers, one of the liveliest of them, Jake Zeitlin, has opened his new shop at 624 South Carondelet Street, Los Angeles. After ten years of hustle down town he found himself "a large old brick stable covered with ivy and surrounded by trees and flowers, within half a block of Wilshire Boulevard and yet as quiet as the library of an old country home." ☞We note on Paul Landacre's map that Jake is just round the corner from the Elks' Temple, and hope he'll let us know when an Elk buys a book. ☞For his guests at the opening Mr. Zeitlin printed 500 copies of a sprightly piece, *The Most Agreeable Vice* (viz. reading) by his customer Aldous Huxley. ☞One of the things we relish about Mr. Huxley is that he reads George Herbert. ☞On a recent Trade Survey to Chicago, with Mr. Buckminster Fuller, we greatly enjoyed Elspeth Huxley's *Murder on Safari,* a detective yarn with the rare gift of humor. ☞One reason why American detective stories are so often inferior to those of some other nations is that they do not distinguish between humor and wisecracking.

☞The fall catalogue of G. P. Putnam's Sons celebrates the centenary of that distinguished imprint. George Palmer Putnam the first (from Brunswick, Maine) came to New York in 1829 at the age of 15 to hunt for a job, after serving a four year apprenticeship to an uncle in the carpet business in Boston. He began as errand boy at Bleecker's bookshop in Maiden Lane. Then as a clerk to Jonathan Leavitt he worked after hours in the Mercantile Library and compiled an Index to Universal History which was published in 1832 and under various editings and changes of title is still in print—surely almost a record. It is now called, we believe, *Putnam's Dictionary of Events.* ☞The same interesting sketch of publishing history remarks that Anna Katharine Green had the unusual experience of living to see her own first book go out of copyright, 56 years after its first publication. ☞Burton Rascoe is at work compiling *An American Reader,* an omnibus anthology selected from the Putnam list. ☞Mr. W. C. Gorham, of Farrar and Rinehart's college department, has succeeded Mr. Helmut Ripperger as the head of University Books, Inc. ☞And Mr. Cecil Goldbeck has joined the staff of Putnam's and Coward-McCann as trade promotion manager.

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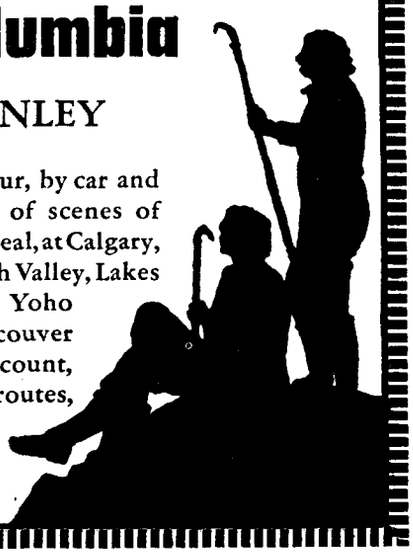

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